Lessons in Raising a Human Boy. A Memoir by Reindeer Man.

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Lessons in Raising a Human Boy. A Memoir by Reindeer Man.

by dandelion_wishes

Summary

Little stories out of the everyday life of Hannibal, wendigo, and his human boy Will. After taking Will with him to live, Hannibal discovers raising a human is harder than hunting a human for dinner.

Notes

I am hoping to add little stories of Hannibal raising Will. I thin it will go from childhood through adolescents then the changes of the relationship when Will is an adult. No beta..

Talking to Strangers

Humans. Nothing as delicious as human. For a wendigo this is essence of their suvial is to eat human meat.Now Hannibal is living what felt like in an alternate reality sometimes. Hannibal is a bachelor through and through. The had no desire to settle down and have offspring of his own. Now he finds himself in a parental role with a child, a human child no less. An entire different species than himself. He has a thorough knowledge of stalking and cooking humans but interacting with one on a daily bases was sometimes overwhelming.

There should be a mandatory parenting manual that was given to anyone raising a child! A recurring thought that has fixated itself in Hannibal's mind since taking the boy into his care. Adjustment had been trickier than Hannibal had anticipated. Even though he has study and hunted human, since he was small with only nubs on his head, raising a human was turning into more than a challenge than he had anticipated. Of course Hannibal meets the challenge head on with the all the fortitude of his lineage.

Now Hannibal understands that William behaves very well. For the most part he is a quiet, well mannered and obedient child, the wendigo especially notices this when he compares Will to other children when they are out in public. Honestly, the things some parents allow their children to do is unbelievable.

However there are a few things Hannibal ha,s since taking Will to live him, learned about humans, especially the male gender, has been surprising and fascinating. Like all higher thinker species there are many myths regarding human behavior The wendigo has to resist the urge to experiment with his boy. Maybe later when the is older, Hannibal can satisfy his curiosity.

One thing wendigos and human boys both can consume large amounts of food when they are in a growing spurts. Since Will has received regular meals and nutrition he has had several growth spurts. The wendigo can't fathom where the small boy puts it all.To think this was just a taste of adolecence hunger, Hannibal may have to teach Will to hunt to keep up with the demand.

Boys are full of energy. The majority of the time Will is a quiet docile child but lurking underneath is a ball of energy. Out of the blue it seems to strike Will where he has to move continuously. He has to explore, he has to wrestle, he has to run in circles to release it or the boy will implode.

Hannibal has to constantly remind WIll not run in the house or down the stairs. The wendigo has rearranged decor so expensive breakable things were no longer in the hallway.Hannibal doesn't wrestle with the boy because he is afraid he'll hurt him with his strength. A compromise that Hannibal has reached with the boy is he'll change into his true form. They travel into the depth of the woods, where they can run and play. Hannibal felt self conscience about this uncouth behavior at first. The wendigo has come to enjoy these times together with his boy. It reminds him of his childhood..the happy times the seemed to have forgotten.

Boys are loud. William is so often so quiet, people forget he is there. But at home, the boy asks questions constantly. He laughs loudly and the whoops in excitement. The first time the boy did this Hannibal about jumped from his human form to his true form he was so startled by it.When Will finds a topic he loves, he will talk about it constantly..or it seems to Hannibal. The wendigo thinks he may know more about fishing than an actual professional fisherman. Will has such a passionate interest in it. This trait has helped Hannibal in his teaching Will.

Hannibal has been homeschooling Will since the boy has come to live with him. Hannibal felt it would be better for Will to attend school next fall. The wendigo wanted Will to be comfortable in his new life before putting on undue social stress on his sensitive boy. The boy's quick and clever mind has been a joy to share his vast knowledge with.

Hannibal tutors Will in the evening and has been using a service to have someone watch Will when Hannibal was at work. At the time Hannibal used their service the felt it was a good decision. Then an incident altered the wendigo's view when it caused a stirring of anxiety, fierce protectiveness and anger. A couple of months under their belt Will was at the park.

Will has put his stuff dog Winston in the bucket swing at the park. He grabs the chains of the swing pulling back and letting go. The boy watches the swing twist side to side as it swings forward then stops in mid air before swinging backwards. Will is the only kid out here in the park today. The sky is gay and the wind blustery. Will wishes the had a kit to fly like Christopher Robin. As he imagines the kit heading up into the sky with a red tail, he decides to ask Hannibal about getting one. The wendigo insist that unless the weather is too extreme that little boys needed outside exercise. Will suspects it's because Hannibal gets tired of the noise makes when he is cooped up in the house for days on end. But that's fine because Will loves spending time outside.

"Hello there."

Will jumps turning to see a woman with long curly red hair standing behind him.

“Oh watch out!” she yells

Will turns back in time to feel the swing hit his jaw knocking him backward.

“Ow!” the boy whimpers with tears in his eyes.

He doesn’t cry though or yell for anyone. When Will lived with his dad he learned that crying was not what boys did. Often Will was left on his own to deal with any pain physical or emotional.

The woman walked over quickly crouching down to look at Will’s face and simultaneously catching the swing stopping it from hitting them. The stuff dog falls out of the seat landing with it’s face in the mud.

“Are you alright? I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to scare you.” the woman says turning Will’s face from side to side looking at him closely.

“I’m okay.”the boy mumbles touching his jaw.

He hisses in pain when his fingers touch a tender area. Then he finds his glasses that were knocked off into the grass. Will places them on his face to they are crooked. Maybe Hannibal could fix them. The lady has gone over to Winston picking the stuffed animal out of the mud.Will pushes himself then when he sees the state of his faithful dog, the runs over to the lady.

“Oh no! Winston!”

The lady hands him the dog holding it buy it's ear. "I think he'll need a bath." she says scrunching her nose.

"Don't hold him by the ear! You'll hurt him!" the boy admonishes as he grabs the muddy dog.

Will holds the animal close to his chest. Mud is transferred to his clothes which Will pays no attention to it as he comforts Winston.

"Sorry."

The woman watches the boy coo to his toy as she brushes what dirt has fallen on to her blue trench coat.

"What do you want anyway?" asks Will in an irritated voice.

"I'm not sure Dr Lecter would like your tone of voice little man."

Will looks at her with wide eyes. The boy knows his guardian would not approve of the rude Will spoke especially let alone to an adult like he did.He swallows.

"S..sorry. Please don't tell him" he pleads.

She smiles a sickly sweet smile as the woman sees an opening to slip into the boy's mind. Using the piece of fear as an anchor as she manipulates the child. Will knows the smile is fake but just watches her instead of saying thing. Hannibal says he must learn when it was appropriate to tell people his insights and when not to..

"I'll make you a deal. I won't tell Dr Lecter, if you'll talk to me for a few minutes."

“I’m not suppose to talk to strangers.” the boy mumbles into the top of Winston’s head. He peers at the red head beneath his long lashes.

“Well that is good advice.True, I have not introduced myself.. I am Freddie Lounds. There we aren’t strangers anymore.” she smiles again. She bends down trying to catch Will’s eye.

Will looks at the ground as he digs his toe into the mud. He’s not sure what to do. He doesn’t like her and he knows she is still a stranger. But he is curious what she has to ask him. The boy hums then decides he should find out what she wants and then tell Hannibal about it later. He’s at the park with the sitter an agency sent over. Will seems to have a different one everyday. This one,the can’t remember her name seems to be nowhere in sight.

Will feels a tingling in his hands and feet. He’s eyes dart around. Will turns looking for the woman frightened.

“Who are you looking for?”

“The lady looking after me today.”

“Oh she’s gone to get coffee. I said I would look after you.”

Will’s eyes turn toward Freddie. “Oh.” he whispers.

“Don’t worry she’ll be right back. Do we have a deal? I don’t tell Dr Lecter and you talk to me?”

Will merely nods his head. The boy feels it’s really a one sided deal. He fidgets where he stands.

“So I have told you my name. What’s yours?”

“Will Graham”

“That’s a great name,Will. How long have you lived with Dr Lecter?”

“Ummm...for a few months now. Why do you ask?” Will looks at her suspicion written all over the boys face.

“Oh I’m a reporter and I am doing a piece on your….what is Dr Lecter?”

“He’s my guardian.”

“Oh..I wasn’t sure. Was he friends with your Mommy or your daddy?”

“Um..um..he didn’t know my mommy. She went away when I was little.”

“oh I see...it’s just strange.”

“Why is it strange?”

“Because he’s been away for a long time and then he comes back suddenly with you.”

Will hears a throat being cleared behind him. The boy turns to see Hannibal standing there. The wendigo’s eyes have a hard glint to them. Will feels his inside shrink as he curls into himself lower his eyes to the ground. He can feel how angry the wendigo is. The boy is afraid because of the way he spoke to the lady. He hates to disappoint Hannibal, it makes him feel bad. At first Will felt relief but seeing the wendigo’s red eyes, the wonders of Hannibal knows how rude he was.

“Oh Dr Lecter. Nice to see you. I was just talking here with Will.”

“Yes, Ms Lounds. I see that. I would appreciate you not bother my ward any further. I have given you all the information that you need to know.”

Hannibal’s voice is cold. The places his hand on Will’s shoulder. The boy swears it looks black with talons but when Will looks at the woman she seems unfazed by it. Maybe he was imagining things again.

“I’m sorry if I crossed some boundary. I was just curious, as the public is, about Baltimore's most eligible bachelor sudden appearance of child in your care.” she smiles at Hannibal.

“I’m sure there are other people more deserving of your attention in your gossip column.”

“I prefer the term investigative reporter.”

“Yes. Gossip column it is.Regardless do not speak with William without my permission again. Come now William. You are muddy and I am sure cold by now. Good day Ms Lounds.”

“Bye Will and Good day Dr Lecter.” she calls after them.

Hannibal has already taken Will’s hand as they walk toward his car. Will looks back and sees the woman standing there with a camera. He looks up at Hannibal. His focus is on the car they approach. Will clutches the dog tighter to him.

When they reach the car. Hannibal unlocks it. The wendigo looks at Will and couches down.

“I think we need to put your muddy coat and Winston in the trunk till we get home.”

“B..but..He’ll be scared Hannibal!”

“He’ll be fine William. He’s filthy.”

Hannibal’s voice sounding sterner than he had wanted. Will takes a step back away from the wendigo. It makes the wendigo’s insides bristle that his boy would be afraid of him.

A tear falls down Will’s face, the sniffs then says, “I’m filthy too. I can ride in the trunk with him.”

“Oh William. You can’t ride in the trunk.” Hannibal looks at the dirty sniffling boy.He sighs internally.

“Are you afraid I’ll hurt you or Winston,William?”

Will shrugs one shoulder.

“Will please answer me.” Hannibal has soften his voice.

“I..I’m..not afraid you’ll hurt me. I..don’t want to make you upset with me..I..know I’m not suppose to talk with strangers. I know how you hate a mess and dirt. I..didn’t want to talk with that lady...she said she would tell…”

“Tell what William.”

“That..I..” He looks away.”spoke rudely to her after I feel down and Winston gotten muddy. I was mad and I just asked her what she wanted. But she spoke like she knew you. She said she tell on me but if I talked her she wouldn’t. I’m sorry Hannibal.”

The wendigo looked into those watery blue eyes and relents this one time. It was clear the boy was upset over speaking with Ms Lounds.

“ Look at me Will. Sometimes adults are not very nice. You did nothing wrong. It was a confusing situation for you. I am not upset with you at all. All right? This once Winston may ride with you even though he is muddy.Okay?”

Will smiles throwing his arms around Hannibal’s neck. The wendigo hesitates a beat before putting his arms around his boy. These spontaneous show of affection William gave was something the wendigo was having to adjust to as well. Hannibal will admit this adjustment has been less of a toll on him. He finds he loves scenting the boy feeling the wealth of emotions that come from him.Emotions that Hannibal can vicariously enjoy. The wendigo smells relief and happiness. The wendigo hums his approval.

Will looks down at the mud on Hannibal’s clothes.The looks up at Hannibal.

“Sorry. I didn't mean to get the mud on you. When the swing knocked me down Winston feel out of it and got muddy. Then that lady picked him up by the ear, so I had to comfort him by holding him close.”

Hannibal turns Will’s face, humming in disapproval of the bruise forming on his jaw.

“Is that happened to your glasses? Were they knocked off?”

“Yes, Sir.”

Hannibal smiles gently at Will tipping his chin so he’ll look at the wendigo.

“No a problem. We’ll have them straightened up by the people that made your glasses. You’ll have a warm bath wash the dirt off. I’ll put Winston in the washing machine. Then we’ll drink come hot cocoa and have a cookie. How does that sound?”

Will smiles happily and nods his head.

“Good. Now into the car so we can go.”

The wendigo open the door hustling the boy inside. Hannibal makes sure Will’s buckled in before getting in. The ride home is peaceful. Hannibal asks further questions about the sitter and the talk with Ms Lounds. The wendigo is sure the sitter will make a tasty meal. The service will be notified about the indiscretion and Hannibal will make new arrangements for Will.

Paper Heat

Chapter Summary

This heart that Will is attempting to make looks like the real thing.

Chapter Notes

Happy Valentine's Day...awww

Will sits looking outside at the snow falling softly from the sky. His head is perched in hands as he chews his lips. His brow furrowed in concentration. He squints and opens his eyes the snow flakes go from fuzzy to sharp. Then he closes one eye than the other letting the heart window clings on the glass panes shift from side to side.

Valentine’s day is a few days away. Will is racking his brain for an idea what to give Hannibal. What do you get a Reindeer man? Corn? Hay? Ideas like those seem insulting to the reindeer man the boy is living with. He also suspects that Hannibal is not an actual reindeer man or works with Santa Claus, as he once believed. Will is not sure what Hannibal is actually. He’s not sure how to ask his guardian without it sounding rude.Whatever Hannibal is Will willing accepts him. The reindeer man has been kind and warm with the boy.

Will lets out a long suffering sigh. His shoulders slump. He has no money. The boy is not going to ask for any either. Can’t ask someone to give you their money to buy a present for them,can you? No. That seems wrong. He must do something special or make something to show Hannibal how he feels about him.

Leaning hard against one hand he starts drumming his fingers on the table. The drumming begins to sound like a beating heart. Will slows his fingers down as an idea presses forward. The boy sits up alert before running from the room. He slows down and tiptoes down stairs. He hears Hannibal working in the kitchen. Will enters the study. He goes to the desk moving the mouse on the laptop bringing the machine to life. The boy types in his search word.

Will is surround by several sheets of paper that are crumpled in frustration. He found the diagram to make an authentic looking heart from paper. It’s not the origami heart or the heart shape everyone sees around Valentine’s day. The boy speculates that Hannibal would not like those. It would be too babyish for him.

Will realizes now he may have bitten off more the can chew with this project. The boy is however is determined to make it anyway.Time is running out for him to change in mid stream now, as his dad would say. Will continues to work until the reindeer man calls him for dinner.

Hannibal knows that Will is working on something for Valentine's day. Despite washing his hands for dinner the boy still has glue and construction paper remnants stuck around his nails. He has marker on his cheek and his curls in disarray; along with the rest of his clothing. Hannibal offers his assists but was politely turned down. Hannibal has a small amused smile when he looks at his boy. William looks so cute being so serious.

The wendigo has to remind Will to chew slowly. The boy hurries to get back to his project. After being excused from the table, he rushes out of the room running up the stairs and slamming his door. This makes Hannibal shake his head tutting. The wendigo must speak with Will about running and slamming doors again. He moves to the kitchen to finish cleaning up.

The next morning Will sleepy drags Winston by one leg down stairs for breakfast. He enters the room yawning and rubbing his eyes. His curls the very definition of bed head hair. Hannibal smiles fondly at him.

"Happy Valentine's day William. Would you like some pancakes?"

Will wraps his arms around Hannibal's waist as the tightly squeezes. The wendigo hears a muffled happy Valentine's day into his thigh. Hannibal smiles carding his fingers through the tangle of curls. The boy is so touched starved he's making up for lost time. Will releases the wendigo with a sheepish smile.

"Yes,please. I want pancakes."

Hannibal plates some for him. Then laying the plate in front of his boy. The wendigo stands back watching Will's reaction. His boy smiles wide.

"There in the shape of hearts! How'd you do that?"

Will pours way too much syrup, Hannibal feels, over them. Then he barely cuts into the pancake to take a huge piece in his mouth.

“William. Would you like me to help you cut the pancakes into smaller bites?”

Will blushes hand over mouth. When he finally finishes chewing he gives an apology. The boy picks up his butter knife cutting the remaining pancakes up. Tongue sticking out the side of the boy's mouth in concentration. Syrup drips over the side of the plate, as Will struggles with keeping the pancake still, while he cuts them up. Hannibal sighs taking a sip of coffee. If Will was anyone else, the boy would be an appetizer (the boy too small for a regular entree’. Maybe even a snack Hannibal muses) several times over. The wendigo reminds himself that Will needs to practice. If Hannibal does it for him, his boy will never learn how. Sometimes even the wendigo’s boundless patience is tested.

For now he’ll ignore the mess.He tells his OCD side, screaming for him to clean it up right NOW, to get a hold of itself. It can wait. Well maybe it can wait.

After breakfast is finished and the mess finally cleaned up, Hannibal takes Will to the study to give him his gift. With a red ribbon tied around it’s neck is a stuffed Jack Russell terrier. Beside the dog is a small basket with chocolate candies in it like M&M’s and Hershey kisses. Normally Hannibal would make such candies himself but this year he wants to give his boy something he is familiar with. Next year will be different.

Will smiles as he runs over to the stuffed animal. Hannibal smiles as he watches Will’s face light up. The wendigo has found nothing as satisfying as Will’s joyful smile. It stirs something within him.

“Look Winston! You have a new friend.” Will picks up the new dog looking it over.

“What are you going to name him?”

“Hmmm..he looks like a Buster to me.”

Will picks up Winston making barking noises as the dogs introduce themselves to each other. The boy looks at the basket rummaging through the candies.

“My favorites! Can I have some now? please.please Hannibal?”

Will gives the wendigo big sad eyes begging. Hannibal chuckles.

“Yes..but just a few pieces.”

“How many is a few?”

“How about five?”

“Could I have...eight?”

“How about six?”

“Oh okay.”

Will eagerly opens the bag with kisses digging out the candy. Will loves to negotiate with Hannibal. The boy is always testing the boundaries and limits of what Hannibal says. Will unwraps a kiss popping into his mouth.Smiling broadly.

“need to ‘et urs.”

“Excuse me Will.”

Will swallows.

“Sorry. Let me get yours.”

Before the wendigo can speak Will bounds up stairs.

“Walk William!”

Hannibal hears the patter of footsteps slow down to a brisk walk. The wendigo hears the same footsteps head a little slower back down. Will walks in with something hidden behind his back.

“You have to close your eyes.”

Hannibal closes his eyes.

“No peeking!”

“I promise I won’t”

“‘Kay hold out your hands.”

Hannibal holds out his hands feeling something a little cold and wet rest in his palms.

“OKay. You can open them!”

Hannibal looks down at the mound of paper, glue, glitter and slightly wet paint laying in his hands.

“Ta Daaa! It’s a real heart! I made it all by myself.”

The wendigo turns the heart around in his hands considering it. True it is messy and very glittery but the shape of it was reasonably accurate. Will twists his paint stained hands together. He grows increasingly anxious the longer Hannibal looks at the heart without expression.

“I..know..it’s not that well done. But I did my best.” He whispers.

The sound of his boy’s voice brings Hannibal out of his thoughts.

“You are such a remarkable and clever boy.Do you realize that William? It’s wonderful! How did you know I would rather have a paper heart that looks like a real one?”

Will ducks his head as he hides an embarrassed flush. The boy shrugs his shoulders.

“I just knew...Do you really like it?”

“I do. I am going to take it to my office and put it on display so everyone can see it.”

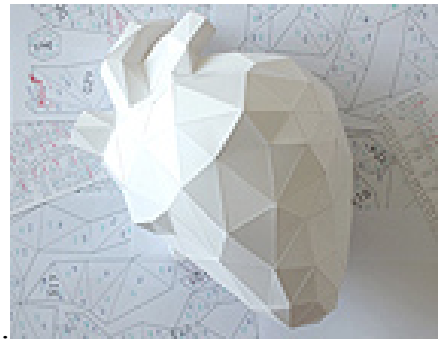
“Really?”

“Yes Really.”

Hannibal scoops Will up giving him kisses on his cheeks and neck making his boy giggle with delight.

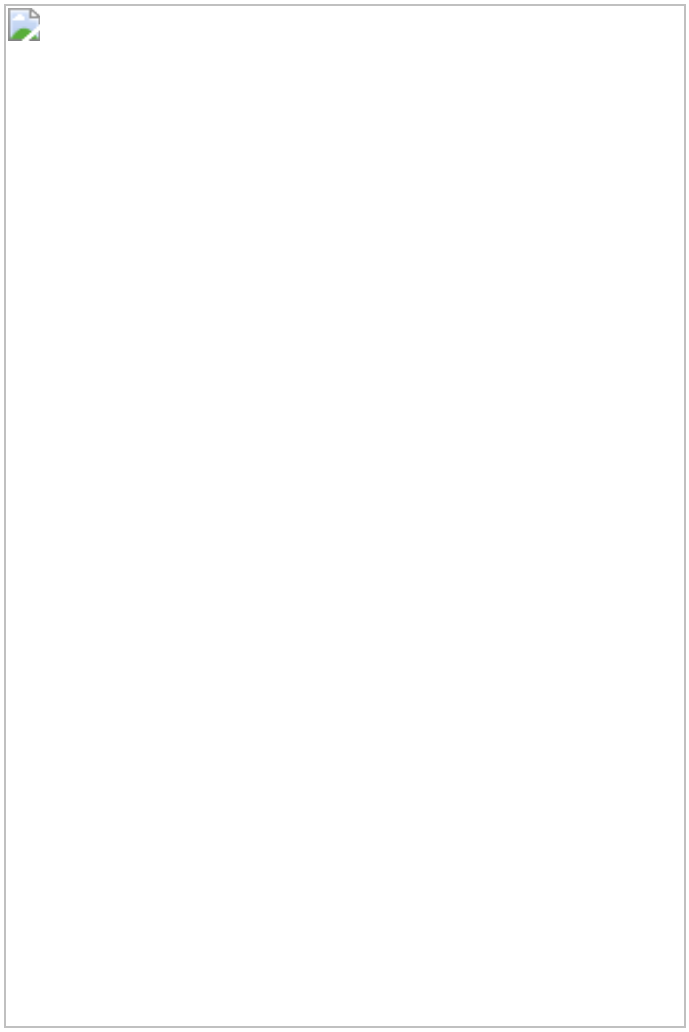
Here is picture of the paper heart Will tries to make. Yes way to complicated for Will who is 7 or 8 yrs old to make. But I can see him working on it anyway. Will's version probably looks

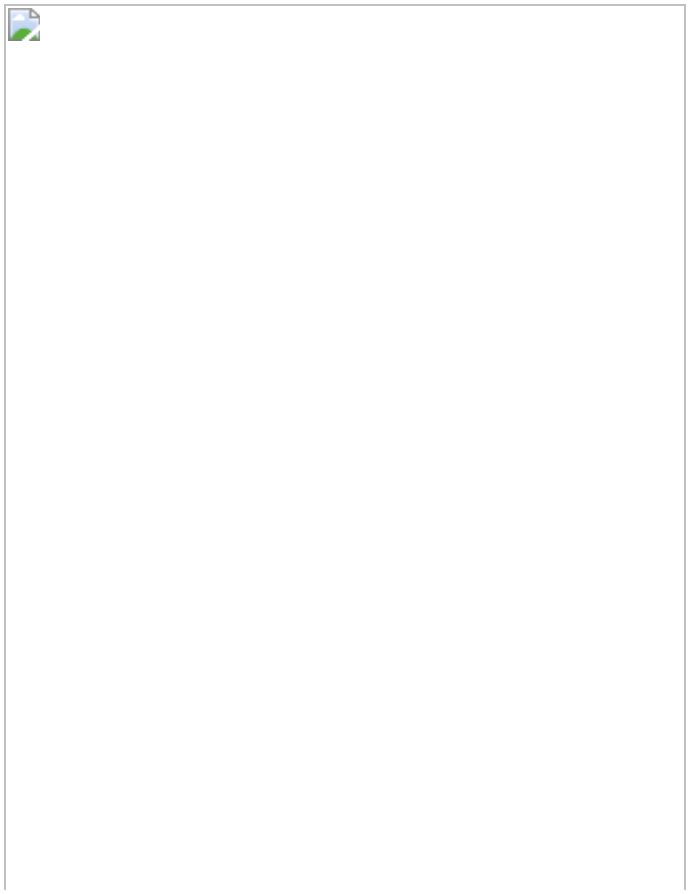
more like a round mound of paper, with the like Popsicle sticks protruding out the top. It is held together by paint, glitter glue and love. :) awww



This is by artist **HORST KIECHLE. Full instructions and pdf pattern here.XX**

A sample of instructions for making it:





Dogs,Cat and Magic

Chapter Summary

Dogs,Cat and Magic

Chapter Notes

I was inspired by an old film 1958 called Bell,Book and Candle.

No beta..enjoy

Will looks outside at the cold rainy wet day and sighs. He is bored out of his mind. Hannibal has work to do. Which means Will must be quiet and entertain himself. The boy feels like he has read all his books. He has watched every movie they own. Will is not allowed on the computer or watch TV without permission or during certain times. Hannibal is afraid that Will's brain will become mush if he is allowed unlimited time to" zone out watching the moronic shows". The wendigo is all about education. Which alright with Will because his dad and he often couldn't afford cable tv or owned a computer,let alone have internet access. The boy is also used to entertaining and looking after himself. Except on a day like today, he wished the had a friend that the could play with.Or at least The Cat in the Hat should make an appearance.

Will sighs finally removing himself from the window. The boy decides to look through the few boxes of belongings that are recovered from the fire.He opens the boxes throwing out old clothes and papers. He finds some small hot wheel cars. Then he finds the silver vile. Oh he had forgotten about this! The boy grins. He opens another box looking through old photographs. He finds several the is while looking for the perfect one. He puts the vile and the photos into his jeans pocket. Then he wriggles into his his yellow raincoat and boot.

The boy slips outside going to the gardener's tool shed. Luckily like everything Hannibal owns, it is well organized. Will finds a metal bucket.He takes it with him to a small area of the yard that has a cement pond. The previous owners of the house had a small garden with a hole they dug pouring cement into it to make a fish pond. The pond is tucked underneath a couple of trees and partially hidden by a Hydrangea bush. Hannibal allows Will to float his small boats out on it during the afternoon.

Will giggles as he takes out the vile and the photographs. When the boy was in New Orleans, two or three moves ago, his father worked around the docks. Will would occupy himself by playing with stray dogs. He struck up a friendship with an odd little old lady that owned a voodoo shop. She sold various trinkets to tourist. Grandmama, that's what everyone called her, said that only a few folks could handle real magic.So she didn't bother putting out the "good stuff" for them.

The day before Will moved again she gifted him with sliver vile. She told him it was a summoning potion. To call someone to him, he needed to take the vile's brush and paint over the person's photograph.Then he was to burn the picture. Will asked what happened next. She told him he was to sit back and wait for the person to come to him. Grandmama said that a person would have to come to wherever he was. She gave Will a tearful hug and a kiss while wiping away the boy's tears.

So here sits Will entertaining himself with voodoo magic. The boy doesn't believe in magic,really, it will be fun to play like it does. But what if it did work? He could hope couldn't the? He takes out several pictures of the dogs he was friends with at the docks and other places they lived. Will paints over Winston and Buster. His favorites. Then he paints over a photography of Pretty girl, a collie mix. He thinks he might need to paint over a few more because stray dogs don't survive long on the streets. He maybe summoning animals that have died. He doubts they would come back as zombie but not one of the animals may come.

So Will paints four more dogs and a cat, for Hannibal. Hh thinks the wendigo would like a cat because they are not clingy and neat. Besides cats were always good for bugs and rodents.Will lays the photographs in the bucket and took the matches he "found" lighting them. It took almost the whole box before he could gets a match to light correctly. As the photographs burn, Will swears the smoke looks green. Afterwards, Will uses the water from the pond to extinguish the fire and he pours the ashes into a flower bed. He cleans the bucket and heads back inside.

Hannibal is in the kitchen cooking dinner when Will came inside.He asked if the boy had fun playing outside and Will smiles saying that he had. Will forgets all about the summoning spell for a few weeks.

One morning the came downstairs from breakfast. He hears Hannibal trying to get rid of a cat. The cat is black and sleek he purrs as he rubs himself through the wendigo's legs. The wendigo was muses if he could use feline meat in a dish that evening. Will smiles and squats

down petting the purring creature. He smils thinking he looks the cat in the picture.Couldn't be could it?

Will looks at wendigo begging for some milk for the cat. Hannibal rolls his eyes saying he doesn't want to encourage it to stay, Will cuddles the cat as he talks about all the benefits of having a cat. Hannibal knows the boy has been lonely of late. He sighs. He makes Will promise to care for the animal who must stay outside. Until one day when Will found the cat, now named Midnight, sleeping in Hannibal's lap as he reads a book. The wendigo explained the night was too cold for any creature to be outside. This was a one time thing.

Will giggles, petting the cat, looking at Hannibal as though he doesn't believe him. The boy casually remarks that the thought Hannibal would be a cat person. The wendigo attempts to hide his smile but Will sees it anyway.

A month after the cat's appearance, Winston is in the backyard barking at a squirrel. Will looks outside. The boy runs downstairs before Hannibal can reach the backdoor. Winston barks when as he sees Will. The boy crouches down hugging the very dirty dog. Hannibal's nose is offended that those aromas, emanating from the dog, are in his backyard. Hannibal observes the happy reunion giving into Will's pleading for the dog to stay. Hannibal relents once more.They will build a dog house. The dog must be bathed and defleaed.Will must care for and train the dog.If not then Winston will be found a new home.

Will showers the wendigo with grateful hugs and kisses making him blush. A rare occurrence for a grown wendigo. Will, true to his word, trains and cares for Winston. Hannibal is reluctantly accepting of the new furred member of the family.

Then in two weeks after the arrival of Winston three dogs turn up in the yard to Will's excitement. Hannibal was not happy with the situation at all. Winston was almost trained but the others were loud, they were digging holes in his yard, and they all smelt. Will begs for them to stay but Hannibal tells the boy there is no way that many dogs could live there.

Will pouts to no avail. The next day they will all have to go to the shelter. The next morning, Will finds two more dogs in the backyard. Hannibal starts to wonder why these animals were taking up residents in his backyard. He knows Will is not luring them or bringing them there. That afternoon Hannibal mentions how odd it was for the animals to appear.

Will looks guilty.The boy can't keep a secret from Hannibal, for long. All the wendigo has to do is wait for the confession. Finally Will finally mumbles something incoherent.

"I am sorry William. What did you say?"

"I..used a summoning potion. I was lonely and bored so I used the potion to call the dogs and the cat."

"Where did you get this potion? Do you still have it?"

Will nods. "A lady in New Orleans gave it to me when I moved. She told me how to use and.."

The boys looks at Hannibal expecting anger or irritation but he finds interest. The wendigo drums his fingers on the table for a few moments more.

"Please get the vile and bring it down here."

Will walks slowly up the stairs and down with vile. He hangs his head like he is walking down the last mile. The boy hands the vile to Hannibal. The wendigo shifts into his true form. His eyes seem to shimmer with the sliver from the vile. He uncaps the vile then he sniffs the contents. Hannibal hums in appreciation.

"You may return to your seat William. Please continue eating."

Will picks up his fork as Hannibal shift back to his human form. The wendigo is looking at the vile.Suddenly he speaks.

"William, I am going to let you in on a secret." He pauses waiting for Will to give him his full attention. "There is real magic in the world. Only a few species can wield without dire consequences. This potion is very old and strong magic."

“Really?” Will’s eyes are large with awe.

“Yes. I need to know who or what you summoned.”

Will wrings his hand and blushes. “I summoned..seven dogs and one cat.”

Hannibal blinks startled. He knew the boy is fond of dogs but seven? Hannibal counts the animals in his head. He breathes a sigh of relief that all the animals have arrived.

“Why the cat?”

“I thought you looked like a cat person. I wanted you to have a pet too.”

“Well..it was very thoughtful of you William. I do like the cat. Do have anymore magical objects in your possession?”

Will shrugs and shakes his head no. Hannibal nods toward Will’s plate for the boy to finish. The wendigo is unaware that his kind were in the deep south. He recognizes the scent of the wendigo magic when he opened the vile. Whoever the wendigo is very old and powerful. Hannibal watches the boy eat. So, someone else found the boy endearing because a gift like this is given to family or friends. It was not a gift given lightly. There is abundant amount of potion left. Hannibal decides to keep it locked away for the time being.

After much debate and pleading, Hannibal agrees to keep the dogs until good homes are found. Will may keep two of the dogs for his own. Of course, the cat is staying. The wendigo will have to build accommodations for the animals. He watches his boy play with the animals outside drinking the last of his tea. The things one does for love.

Reindeer Man meets the Green Eyed Monster

Chapter Summary

Hannibal goes out of town. Will has fun staying with Alana and Beverly. But Hannibal is NOT JEALOUS because he is an adult! Damn it!

Chapter Notes

yada yada..no beta... as you see the chorus of Guess What (you'll see) is very very normal for Will's age.Ask me how I know? My boy is doing that all the time...ALL THE TIME...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Do you have to go away?” William sniffles as he squeezes his stuffed dogs to him Winston and Buster. He pushes his small round glasses up his nose.

His eyes are watery as he tries to not cry. It’s the first time Will is staying with some that is not Hannibal. Ever since his father’s death, Will has kept close tabs on his guardian, even more than the wendigo does on his boy. It’s a natural fear and behavior for a child who is now almost eight years old.Hannibal smiles as he crouches down rubbing Willi’s arms up and down.

“Yes. I am speaking at the conference. It will be just a week. I’ll call you each night Miss Alana here is a very dear and trusted friend of mine.” Hannibal places his hand over his heart in promise.

“She and her friend Beverly have a great many plans and activities planned for you. They guaranteed me it will much more amusing than being at an old boring conference.”

“But I’ll be with you. I..I can be bored for a few days.”Will lays his head on the wendigo’s shoulder, his brown hair bounces forward into a cascade of curls winding their way down Hannibal’s shoulder blade . Hannibal sighs. The boy is tugging at his heart strings like no other. But he has to go and William can’t go with him. It’s a recipe for trouble. If nothing else Hannibal knows his recipes.

“I’ll be back soon, William. I promise. I’ll bring you something special from my travels. Okay?”

Will shrugs his shoulder as he avoids looking into Hannibal’s face. It will have to do for now.

The wendigo kisses Will’s cheek and the boy gasps eyes wide. Hannibal realizes that’s the first kiss, he has given his human boy. Will is a very affectionate child. Wendigo’s are not known for their cuddling skills but Hannibal indulges his boy by receiving and giving hugs.

He has refrained from kissing his boy. He is leery of tempting his palate with a craving for William’s flesh because Will would be o’ so sweet to consume. Human children were often considered a rare delacey amidst his people.The younger the meat the sweeter and tender the taste. In recent years, hunting human children has become taboo. Most younger wendigo were ingrained in human society enough to find the practice distasteful. But there are those that still partake of this delicate meat, no matter how taboo.Even Hannibal, though he will only admit to it if hard pressed, has but with William now in his life his opinion has turned away from that old practice.

With the shocked expression still on the boy’s face, he hands William to Beverly. She takes him by the hand. They turn and wave to Hannibal before they head into the house. Beverly is talking a mile a minute while Will looks at his feet. Alana smiles after the woman and child. She turns toward her long time mentor and friend.

“Don’t worry Hannibal. He’ll be fine. He’ll probably be smiling by dinner time.”

“Thank you Alana for looking after William for me. There are just a few people I would trust William with.”

Alana beams with pride that she has gained the wendigo's trust. She assures Hannibal again of Will's safety. The wendigo sighs heading toward the airport.

The first night away Hannibal calls Alana and Will. Alana reports all is well and Will has not cried any more. He's dressed and ready for bed. Alana calls Will. Hannibal hears the thudding of an enthusiastic boy running to the phone.

"Hello Hannibal?"

"Yes It's me William. How are you doing?"

"Oh I'm good. I miss you. When will you be home?"

The wendigo chuckles. "By friday night. I am glad you are fine. Please behave for Miss Alana."

"I will. I love you Hannibal. Night."

Before Hannibal can reply the phone is dropped as he hears footsteps running from the phone.He hears Alana laughing as she picks up the phone. She explains Beverly and Will are watching *All Dogs Go To Heaven* in the living room. Hannibal smiles and thanks Alana again before ringing off.

Hannibal anticipated William missing himself but he did not account for his missing his boy. Between meeting and lectures Will was on his mind. He wondered what he was doing. Was he sad or happy? Did he eat that morning and dinner last night? His feelings have grown over the year Will has lived with him. It makes Hannibal smile in a way he's not accustomed to experiencing. The wendigo finds a small toy store. He browses looking for something to please will. He finds a beautiful stuffed corgi dog to add to his collection of caines.Hannibal happens upon a fishing game as well, picking it up for William's birthday coming up.

When Hannibal calls the second night. Alana gives a good report about Will. He has eaten and behaved very well. He hears the boy jumping in excitement beside Alana. Alana laughs telling Hannibal, WIll is so excited to tell him about his day.

“Hey Hannibal! Guess what I did today?!”

“I have no idea William.” Hannibal says with a smile in his voice.

“We went to an amusement park! Me and Beverly and Alana..Guess what! I am tall enough to ride most of the rides! Usually, I’ve been too little but I growed! Guess what! Beverly and Me went on the biggest roller coaster with a loop! Guess what? I didn’t throw up or nothin’! Beverly screamed though.”

Will giggles. The wendigo hears a voice in the distance saying Will was a traitor telling on her, then a laugh.Before Hannibal can ask any other questions, Will enthusiastically continues.

“Alana didn’t go because she was scared. But oh! I almost forgot the best part. Guess what?! I threw some darts and I won! I won a prize! I picked it out for you! It’s..it’s.. do you wanna know or do you want it to be a surprise?... I’m going to tell you anyway...it’s a reindeer! I think you should name it Hannibal or Lecter but Alana says that might be strange but they don’t know our secret.” Will whispers the last part.

Hannibal opens his mouth to say something but before he can, Will interrupts him, saying he needs to go and take a bath. He loves him and night night. Hannibal is flabbergasted, he has endured William excited before but this was whole new level. The boy is usually better about interrupting someone. He purses his lips waiting for Alana to pick up the phone again.

“Sorry Hannibal. You’ll have to overlook Will. He’s had such an exciting day. Beverly and he tried several different types of ICEEs and I think they snuck candy in there as well.” she chuckles a little apprehensively.

“Pardon my ignorance Alana. What is an ICEE?”

The third evening, Hannibal braces himself when he calls. Alana explained about what the frozen treat known as an ICEE which was the root of the resulting sugar rush. This also explained Will’s hyperactivity. The wendigo was proud of himself for remaining calm when he asked William only be allowed a limited number of sugary snacks in a twenty four period.

Hannibal dials and waits for an answer but no one picks up. He has Alana’s cell phone but would prefer to use that number only if he had too. He hangs up and meets some colleges for dinner. It’s after ten o’clock when he tries calling again but not answer again.

Hannibal feels a ball of lead in his stomach as his mind runs through the scenarios of what could have happened in the interim. Being a monster himself, made Hannibal’s mind fertile ground for extreme cases of violence and chaos. All of which, he reminded himself, were highly unlikely to come to fruition. Hannibal calls again but still nothing.

He sits on the bed trying to decide if he should call Alana’s cell. Maybe she was expecting Hannibal to use the cell number. Maybe they were outside camping, Beverly had mentioned that as a possibility or maybe they all went to bed early. Maybe they were lying beside the road as cooling corpses. When the last thought crossed the wendigo’s mind he called Alana’s cell.

Alana answers. She sounds like she is in a windstorm or the reception is terrible. He asks where they are voicing his concern about not reaching them at home. Alana speaks louder explaining they went to the beach for a couple of days. She hoped he didn’t mind. Will was excited about the ocean and possible fishing.Hannibal asks about speaking with Will. He can hear him in the background. Or was that a sea gull? Either way, it is way past his boy’s bedtime. The reception is so horrible, Hannibal considers that it would be best if he calls back tomorrow. Hopefully he can hear her better then. He rings off miffed.

The wendigo trusts Alana, he really does but he is concerned about Will’s health. Eating junk food and staying up to all hours of the night is not good for a growing boy. He gleans over the feelings of jealousy that has reared it’s ugly head recently. The wendigo is possessive but not a jealous sort. He was confident and secure in his position in each society, wendigo as well as human. Hannibal is a successful doctor with elegant taste and cultured culinary skills.There is no reason for him to doubt his parenting ability.

Even if William is another species, the ones they eat, or he has never had offspring or even ‘baby sat’ for another parent before he had William. The wendigo bristles when he thinks of the women curled up with his boy.He scolds himself. He’s glad William is having fun.That’s what he tells himself anyway.Hannibal also reminds himself he is the adult in this relationship.

Hannibal has the urge to chew his nails. No, he will not do that. That habit was broken when the wendigo was a fawn. Hannibal gets up and pours himself some wine. Just becuase Will sounds like he is having the best time of his life without Hannibal is nothing to be upset over. He sounds like a normal human child.

Why hadn’t Hannibal thought about the beach before?He puts the wine glass down harder then he should. Damn it! He can be fun. Just.. as much as Alana and Beverly togather..but..can he be the fun Will seems to enjoy? The wendigo frowns as he polishes off the rest if the bottle.He ignores the gnawing feeling in the back of his bone fort.

The fourth evening, Hannibal calls Alana’s cell. He is rewarded with clear reception. They chat about the conference for a few minutes. Then Hannibal asks about Will. He has been wonderful and swims like a fish she says. The boy has been building sandcastles and collecting sea shells all afternoon. Later that evening they are going to build a small fire so they can roast s'mores. Hannibal makes a mental note to look that food item up. The wendigo hums waiting for Alana to pause feigning interest in her prattling When he can, he politely asks to speak to Will.

Alana hesitates. She tells him she’ll call him but he is in the surf at the moment. He listens as she calls to his boy. She yells several times before coming to the phone. Alana sounds like she has pity in her voice when she asks if Will can call him later. He wanted to ride the waves a little longer. Hannibal hesitates and swallows. With good grace, he informs his friend that he has dinner plans that will keep engaged late into the evening. He asks for her to give Will his love.Hannibal will call tomorrow.

The wendigo has not made plans for that evening but decides to take an acquaintance up on the offer of dinner and drinks. He tells himself he is not punishing William for not coming to the phone. Hannibal is an adult with adult plans,even though he feels a little hurt for Will’s refusal. Could his boy found a replacement for Hannibal so quickly? Nonsense he chides himself as he gets dressed to go out.

The next morning, Hannibal checks his email to find one from Beverly with an attachment. When the wendigo opens the attachment it is copies of numerous pictures of Will from the last few days. There are ones from the amusement park, drinking an ICEE no less. There was Will making s'mores and watching a movie cuddled up with Alana. In several pictures Will is showing off his collection of shells or his sandcastle.

The wendigo placed a hand over his heart. He loved the photos. He is touched by the gesture.. He opens another attachment that has a video of Will saying he missed Hannibal and couldn't wait to be home with the wendigo. Will shows him the shells he has collected for Hannibal. He blows a kiss toward the screen and waves goodbye. The text in the message said Alana could tell Hannibal was missing Will. They made him the video and sent the pictures to cheer up him up.

Hannibal blinks and shoves a small sob down his throat. He is a ferocious man eating wendigo. He would not succumb to feelings of longing for this boy..his boy..damnit! He was suppose to be reassuring a sad Will not the other way around. No matter, Hannibal was going home a today.. a day early. There was no need for this torture,this self fallegation of loneliness to continue. Hannibal is a sadist not a masochist.

Besides it will be a nice surprise for William. Hannibal is making future plans for what he and William were going to do when he was home again. The wendigo is not jealous of the fun the women and William have had together. He knows he can do it better.

Hannibal arrived at five o'clock at the bungalow Alana,Beverly,and Will were staying. He knocked but no one answered,so he walked around to the back. He heard muffled crying. Hannibal's heart clenched when he realized it was William. Beverly was rubbing aloe on his blistery red back. As he stealthily approaches he hears Beverly make soothing shushing noises as Will says something into the towel his holding over his face.

"What's that sweetie?" she asks

"I..I..w..wish Hannibal was here." a small sob escaped the boy's throat.

“Oh sweetie, I know you do. I know you miss him very much.” Beverly tries to soothe him.

“I would feel better if he were here.” Will whimpers out.

“And you will my dear.” says Hannibal because he could not keep silent anymore.

“Well hello there! Will has been missing you today!” Beverly has a relieved smile.She moves out of the way so Hannibal can take her place.

Poor Will’s face is beet red. He has streaks of tears running down his face. He holds his arms open to Hannibal, who gently enfolds his boy with in them.

“It looks like someone got too much sun.” he says lowering his voice. He cradles Will’s head gently but there is really no where the poor boy has not been exposed to the harsh rays of the sun. His pale skin is red and hot to the touch.

“How’d you know to come? I was wishing really hard you would.” Will says into the wendigo’s shirt.

Hannibal hums then says, “I just knew. I also missed you very much and wanted to come home early.”

He tilts Will’s face up so he can look into his crystal red rimmed blue eyes smiling. Will smiles back.

“All well that ends well.” says Alana standing in the doorway.

”I’ve had fun and Will’s one of the best behaved boys I’ve ever met. But I don’t know how you do it Hannibal. I am exhausted!”

She walks over sitting with Beverly. She takes the aloe tube handing it to Hannibal.

Hannibal smiles. “A good diet and rest are the keys to attempting to keep up with young William here. Now let’s put some more of this on your skin. Tonight you’ll take a special bath that help sooth your skin.”

The wendigo uncaps the aloe and squirts some on his hands to rub into the delicate skin. He and Will sigh in happy union.

Chapter End Notes

I llloooovvvveee ICEES! Love them. They probably found a stand that has a ton of different flavors all very sugary and filled with caffeine. :)

It's hard not to be jealous when you learn they can survive without you. LOL:)

Aye begorrah, Teenagers!

Chapter Summary

St Patty's day.Here is a time jump where Will is now 13 or fourteen.

Chapter Notes

Sorry...a day late and a clover short... no beta..

“Come on Will! Don’t be such a pussy.”

Will looks at the pilsner full of green beer. *How can anyone drink that stuff ?,* he thinks. Matthew cocks his eyebrow at him. Hannibal does not approve of his friend Matthew. The wendigo sights that Matthew is a bad influence on Will. That he may be but it’s his devil may care attitude that draws Will.

Matthew is fun and adventurous. He gets the cautious boy to do and try things he never would on his own.Some outcomes were fun, like when Matthew talked Will into egging Dr Chilton’s house for Halloween. The others not so much, like when they were caught sneaking into a movie without paying. This might be one of those not so much fun situational outcome.

Matthew’s parents are away at work. It seems they are a way a lot. This allows Matthew to have Will over without supervision (Hannibal) breathing down their necks. Hannibal prefers Will’s friends visit at their home but Will has so few it seems. Matthew talked Will into skipping last period *(I t’s only study hall, ya nerd!*) to hang out at his place. Will never skips but sometimes he just wants be a normal teenager.

So here they sit with green beer because it’s St Patrick's day. Will forgot to wear green. He swears he’s been pinched a thousands times, mostly from Matthew. One condition for Will skipping was no more pinching.

Will sighs in indecision. *Just one and I'll brush my teeth and have a mint* , his inner rebellious self pleads. Hannibal will never be the wiser,Will hopes anyway.There is a chance he could fool his guardian.

Will takes a tentative sip and grimaces. Matthew cheerleading whoops then howls in laughter seeing the other boy's expression..

"How does anyone drink that?!"

"Here eat some fries to take the aftertaste away."

Will stuffs several greasy fries in his mouth. The boys picked up some fast food. They decided to watch the Leprechaun horror flick. A very bad nineties slasher film. It's Matthew's idea Will agrees reasoning, when he leaves the torture will be over. During the movie, Will takes sip after sip of beer chasing it with salty junk food to help with the taste.

When that one is gone, Matthew asks if he wants another one. Will is feeling warm and fuzzy. He nods yes he doesn't register Matthew's sly smile. Will slumps back into the comfy couch cushions. He was planning on just one but he's got time for another. Will thinks this is Hannibal's last night at the office.It gives Will plenty of time to get over the buzz before he faces the wendigo.

The boys sit through one movie and before long they are on to the next one. Will drinks the second beer with more gusto than the last. Matthew fetches the boy a third glass before Will is aware the last one is empty. Will's eyes are hooded and his face feels tingly and numb all at once.

He feels Matthew's arm behind the couch slip down to his shoulder. It doesn't bother Will like it would normally does.Sometimes the other boy is a little too touchy feelly for his taste. Will is watching a particularly gory scene when he feels Matthew's breath on his ear and neck. His eyes slide to where Matthew is sitting. He finds the other boy uncomfortably close. Will pushes his glasses up his nose.

“Will.”

“Hmmm?”

“Can I give you a St Patrick's day kiss?”

“Do you kiss under clover like you do under mistletoe for Christmas?” Will giggles

“Something like that.”

“Sure.”

Will tilts his cheek toward Matthew smiling when he feels wet lips gently brush it. Then he feels a hand move his chin tilting his head back as Matthew’s lips brush his. Will’s eyes widen as he lets out a small startled gasp. Matthew takes the opportunity to deepen the kiss.It feels surprising nice. Will feels Matthew’s hands in his hair as they continue to awkwardly kiss. When the boy’s pull apart, they are slightly panting.

“How was that?”

Will blushes dropping his head looking down as he nervously rubs his sweaty hands on his thighs.

It was good.Good.” he nods his smiling.

The kiss was good but Will is unsure what he feels about the additional physical affection.His eyes drift to the clock behind Matthew. Will sits up quickly banging the boys heads together.

“Ow Fuck!”

He grabs his head. Matthew groans with an under chuckle of surprise.

“Oh shit, oh shit!” I gotta go!”

Will stumbles over Matthew’s legs as he fumbles for his shoes.

“What is it?”

“Fuck! Matty...it’s thirty minutes after dinner time.”

“So?”

“Hannibal will have a shit fit! He gets really pissed when I am late or miss dinner. I gotta go now!”

In his intoxicated state he is having trouble getting his shoes on before he realizes they are on the wrong feet. He switches them barely getting them over his heels as he scrambles for coat and satchel.

“Let me drive you.”

“You’ve been drinking.”

“Not as much as you. It’ll be faster than the bus.”

Will bites his lips then nods his head yes. He rather be in a car wreck then face the wendigo later than he already is. He hasn't called or asked permission to be late. The wendigo does not abuse Will. In fact he has only heard his guardian raise his voice twice. But Hannibal is creative in his punishments. An example after Hannibal had to retrieve him from the theater

manager's office, Will's punishment was to escort a niece of an acquaintance to a Caitlin dance. It was a nightmare, the girl hated him on sight. He hated all the socializing he was required to do and that damn monkey suit.

In the car Matthew passes Will some mints, Will pops three in his mouth. The mingle of beer and mint gag him. Matthew barely stops the car before Will leaps out the door making a beeline to the front door. He takes a breath and opens it. He hears Hannibal's voice and a couple of other people.

"Oh fuck! Guests!" He whispers.

He quietly takes off his shoes hoping he can sneak upstairs. But oh no, life hates Will. Especially his life right now as he hears Hannibal beckoning him to the dining room.

He walks slowly toward the dining room. He takes deep breaths and stands in the doorway. Alana and Margot are there. The boy smells Irish stew and fresh bread that permeate the air. Hannibal is sporting a green tie. Will gives a small wave to everyone.

"You home late."

A statement made with an undertone of demand for an explanation.

"Yeah..sorry...I lost track of time at Matthew's."

He looks down rubbing his neck. He still hasn't entered the room yet. Hannibal tilts his head to the side.

"What is that on your arm?"

"What?"

Will holds out his arm. He sees bruises when he's been pinched.

"Oh..I forgot to wear green so… " Will pulls out his t shirt and it springs back when he lets it go.

Alana is smiling taking a sip of green beer. Will feels his stomach churn when he sees the beer.

"Come here please."

Will reluctantly comes forward. Hannibal gently takes his arm looking at the bruises.

Alana laughs talking about getting pinches at school for forgetting to wear green.The conversation of the room seems to fade to a buzz as Hannibal looks up catching Will's eyes. He feels his body vibrate as he tries to control his growing dread. He looks guilty. He feels guilty. His face flushes as his bladder pushes his mind to the bathroom.

"May I go to the bathroom?"

Hannibal lets go of his arm and nods yes. Will practically sprints to the lower bathroom. *So this what they mean about renting beer.* He thinks as the feeling of relief washes over him.Will finishes flushing the toilet zipping up. He washes his hands when he hears a soft knock. Hannibal enters without him answering. The hairs rise on the back of his neck when he sees Hannibal's eyes. *Ah fuck! He knows.*

"Are there anymore?"

"Any more what?"

"Bruises on your body?"

“Umm..I don't know. “

“Drop your pants.”

“What? Why?”

Hannibal crosses his arms looking at Will. So the boy drops his pants looks down. He sees bruises on his thighs . There are probably bruises on his butt, as well.Hannibal growls. Will startles pulling up his jeans. He knew Hannibal would be disappointed over the beer but the wendigo sounds actually angry.

“Did Matthew do that?”

“The bruises?”

“Yes William the bruises.”

“Well some and the other kids as well. You know the older you get the harder they try to pinch you.”

Will shrugs looking at Hannibal.

“That is assault William.”

“No..no..really it’s fine Hannibal. Don’t worry about it.”

“I will worry about it. When you come home late bruised, smelling like cheap beer and Matthew Brown.”

Hannibal advances forward his voice growing low and threatening. Will backs up till he legs hit the toilet and he almost falls over it. Hannibal catches his elbow in time yanking Will toward him.

“Did he drive you home intoxicated himself?”

“No. He was fine. He didn’t drink as much as me.”

Will’s eyes widen when he realizes what he has said. Hannibal person suit dissolves into his true form. His rack of antlers was smaller because of the room but still intimidating. The boy cringes.

“How irresponsible William! You could have been killed! Or severely injured! I received a call from your school. I was unable to answer because I was with a patient. The message they left asked where you were. I was worried but I thought you were a responsible and intelligent boy. I thought you would have a reasonable explanation. Where were you? What else happened? Did he take advantage of your intoxicated state?”

Hannibal’s grip tights as those eyes glowed red moving closer to Will. The boy swallows. Anxiety and fear bubbling up in his chest. Will goes on the defensive as he narrows his eyes and yanks his arm out of the wendigo’s grasp. The razor sharp claws scratch his arms where blood bleeds through. The wendigo inhales the scent willing himself not bite into William. The boy hisses in pain butt hitting the toilet seat violently. He looks up at Hannibal.

“We kissed, alright? Nothing big. Yeah I skipped last period. It’s only study hall! Matty drove me home because of your crazy obsession over being tardy for dinner. I was already late, so I knew you’d go ape shit! “

“Language William! Watch your tone as well.”

Will stands up hands fisted by his side. An angry flush on his face, his eyes flashing in defiance as he continues.

“No I was not taken advantage of. We kissed all right? That’s it!”

“Who kissed who first?”

“It doesn’t matter.”

“Tell me William.”

“He did. You better not kill him and eat him! Yeah, I know what your special diet consists of for a long time now.I just never mentioned it because I am smart and responsible. Sometimes I want to have a little fun, is that so bad?”

Hannibal is visibly taken aback when Will reveals he knows he eats humans. The wendigo thought he had hide it so well. He was prepared to inform Will after he was an adult. Between the anger and the disappointment, he is so proud of his smart stubborn boy for figuring it out. But this whole matter needs to be address. The skipping classes, drinking, eating greasy food and kissing strange boys.

“You will go to your room. I will make apologies to Alana and Margot for you. We will discuss this matter further later.”

Hannibal steps back morphing into his person disguise.Will pushes past the wendigo holding his injured arm. He opens the door with so much force it slams into the wall as his stomping footsteps echo in the house. Hannibal sighs rolling his eyes. He walks quietly back to the dining room.

“Teenagers.”

He says entering the dining room to soft laughter.

Bunny Hop

Chapter Notes

a short unbeta chapter for Easter

“I think I’d rather be grounded for 2 months.” Grumbles Will.

“No. The bargain is struck. You agreed to this.” States Hannibal matter factly.

“I agreed to help little kids at the Easter Egg hunt..not this!”

Will stands in a fluffy white full bunny rabbit costume. It has a tail,mittens for the hands and a brightly colored bow tie. The head allows the face to show but has two large long rabbit ears attached at the top. The Easter bunny has the face of a disgruntled teenage boy with a sulky pout. Hannibal has added black makeup to the end of Will’s nose. He drew on whiskers as well to the bright pink cheeks. At the moment, the rouge was unnecessary as Will’s face is flushed with awkward embarrassment.

This is one of the wendigo’s most creative of punishments. After Will came home slightly tipsy from drinking beer with Matthew, Hannibal let the full force of his disappointment and anger be felt by Will. The teenager is no longer allowed to go over to Matthew’s house. He has to ask for Hannibal’s permission for Matthew to come over. So far, Matty has not darkened the doorstep. Then the teenage had the choice between two months of being grounded.Will would have taken this option but he couldn’t go fishing. The second option was to help with the annual charity Easter Egg hunt at the Verger Muskrat Farm.

Will took option two. He likes little kids, their emotions are simple. This would be easy. Oh how wrong he is, he thinks to himself for the thousandth time today. Not only is there throngs of hundreds of kids and adults. Will is wearing a very hot bunny suit. He feels the sweat roll down his back from his limp curls. The suit also stinks as well. Some guy named Cordell wore it last. Apparently the man was nasty smelling. Even Hannibal wrinkled his nose at the smell.

“It’s hot as hell in this thing...and I ...look..totally…” before Will can finish his whine.

“Adorable!”

Will turns to see Beverly, Alana, and Margot standing at the door of the guest bedroom smiling at him. Beverly snaps a photo with her camera before Will can protest.

“Hey..please..don’t..no photos, please. And no posting them online. The school is a nightmare enough without this going viral with social media!”

Will head drops into his white furry paws, ears drooping forward as he mumbles into his hands about bullies, humiliated and stuffed into a locker. He hears another click. He looks up with a scowl as the adults giggle.

“Sorry Will.I can’t resist...I just wanna..eat you up!” Beverly says as she walks briskly up to him grabbing his cheeks pinching them as she rocks his head from side to side. All this with a voice used with infants and skittish animals.

Will bats her hands off with his paws then backs up crossing his arms as his lips purse forward. One of the ears dips to the side seducing another round of coos from the adults.

Hannibal watches the scene with a smirk. Will is rather adorable in the costume with his pout. The wendigo is enjoying the triumphant of another punishment that will deter any further exploration of teenage drinking.He chuckles then clears his throat.Will gives Hannibal his attention or a death stare really.

“Here is the agenda. Do you know how to do the bunny hop dance?”

“What? The bunny hop?! Nobody said anything about dancing!” Will’s voice cracks at the end with anxiety.

“Oh, it nothing really. You’ll be leading the children in the bunny hop as you make your way to the egg hunt area. Then after assisting with the egg hunt, I’ll freshen your makeup. You want to look good for the photos that will be taken with the children.”

Hannibal clasps his hands together tilting his head to the side. The amusement in his voice is thick as the laughter from the women once they look at the teenager. Horror,revulsion,and nausea are not strong enough words for what crossed over the teenager’s face.

“Pictures!? I..am..not doing pictures!...Nobody said anything about photos..oh god...I gotta sit down…” Will’s knees buckle as he stumbles back to the bed bouncing as he falls on it.”

“Now William..it’s just a few hundred children,right Margot.”

Hannibal looks at Margot who nods slowly. “Oh..it’s only two hundred kids. But not all will won’t want their picture with you.” She teases.

“Oh but I will!” Comes a maniacal giggle from behind the women. They part quickly like the red sea to let the official Verger heir inside the room. Hannibal’s face goes from amusement to a neutral expression. Will looks up at the man. He has not met Mason before but from what Alana and Margot have said about him, he felt he was fortunate not to have. Some much for that.

The man has wild spiky blonde hair, round glasses with bright blue eyes and a huge smile.He feels off to Will. His dangerous. Will feel Mason's excitement stems from the uncomfortable feelings in the room as well as the throngs of children outside. Will wants to shiver inside his stifling bunny outfit.

Mason saunters up to Will grasping his face. Hannibal hisses out his displeasure as Mason acts like he is inspecting Will’s makeup.

“You are a perfect little bunny! Makeup subtle but nice. Don’t wanna look like a two dollar whore, as papa used to say. Stand up and turn around so I can see all of you.”

Will look at Hannibal who nods his head. Will stand up gulping and turns around. He jumps when he feels the tail on the costume grab and tugged on by Mason.

“Oh, what a cute little tail you have!” Mason coos. He laughs as Will pulls the tail from his grasp turning away from the man.

“Well, it’s almost time to begin. Practice your bunny hop! Your basket is waiting for you. Don’t forget to save a picture for me.” Mason airly says as he walks out the door.

There is silence in the room. Will is stilling holding the tail brushing it as though there is dirt on it.Hannibal walks over putting his hand on Will’s shoulder.Giving it a small reassuring squeeze. Will looks up at Hannibal before sighing in acceptance if his fate.

“Show me..the..freaking bunny hop...please.” The teenager pushes his petulance out which seems to restore the humor of the room.

Hannibal has Will stand behind the wendigo his paws on the wendigo’s hips. He shows the youth to put out his right foot and tap twice. Then you do the same with the left foot. Then you jump forward one hop, then back one hop and finally hoping forward three times. The sequence starts all over again.

Will sighs hold out his paw as Alana smiles handing him a huge basket complete with a bow?

“You gotta smile for the kids William,” Hannibal says taking in Will’s grimace.

“I am.I am. When there are kids around me. Not before them. I think my face will break.” He huffs as he stomps toward the area where he is supposed to make his entrance.

Several hours later

Will in laying the back seat of the Bentley groaning. He is out of that stifling hot bunny costume but he has sweated buckets. His curls are limp plastered to his head. He has changed his t-shirt and shorts to dry ones. He is exhausted. Doing the bunny hop down a winding hill to a huge field was tricky with huge bunny feet. His feet and legs ached. Then the constant attention from children to help them find eggs frayed his nerves. Will had to keep a close eye on his tail because older children liked to grab it and pull it. This included a few adults which Hannibal had a few calculated words with.

But the photos..the photos were the worst! He had to be in the group photos with the kids and the adults. Then he had photos taken with Mason. He sat and held child after child in his lap. They were either crying, grabbing his ears, grabbing his tie or pinching his cheeks. Then some of them were the kids who's diapers should have been checked long ago. Smiling till his face like it was going to break was all Will could do in the situation. He would never ever drink again. At least, be smart enough not to get caught, his inner voice whispered.

Hannibal smiles patting William’s leg telling how proud he was of Will’s behavior today. A grunt is all the acknowledgment is all he receives as Will falls asleep on the way home.

To See the bunny hop click here

Milestones Bring Changes

Chapter Summary

Will turns sixteen.

Hannibal hums to himself as he adds the finishing touches to Will's birthday cake. Often time seems to slow for wendigos because of their long lifespan, however not these last nine years. Time has flown by as Hannibal watches his boy grow up. The Wendigo sighs to himself before taking a sip of wine.

Their time apart this summer was too long. It was just short of three months since the Wendigo and his boy were together. Hannibal took a guest lecturing position in Italy, while Will attended to two summer camps. The Wendigo returned home a week ago, thus giving him plenty of time to recuperate as well as plan Will's sixteenth birthday party. It is to be a small dinner with friends.

His boy is very excited about this milestone.Will can't wait to learn to drive and earn his license. The thought makes the Wendigo shudder that yet another teenager will be behind the wheel.Hannibal reprims himself to the idea.He reminds himself that Will is smart and responsible enough to take this foray into young adulthood. After a lengthy discussion and research, the Wendigo decides to give William a car for this birthday. Yes, it is a little cliche', but it will not be a brand new luxury car. A surprise that he is sure is going to delight his boy.

Suddenly the door slams shut, Hannibal furrows his brow in annoyance as he starts at the sudden disturbance of the peace.

"William, how many times have I asked you not to slam the door."

He raises his voice as he puts in the cake into the refrigerator.

"Oh, I'm sure a million times." snarks an amused voice.

Hannibal turns around to give his amused retort when he stops; his mouth is agape.

Will has change.This is an understatement of Hannibal sees in the doorway. His William is almost unrecognizable. The boy went from a gangly teenage boy to a young man in a few short months. When the Wendigo left on his trip, his boy was an adorable awkward boy.

The Will standing before Hannibal is now a young man.Being outside agrees with William, his body is no longer gangly.He is still lithe but with muscle mass and definition.Will's skin has a few more freckles standing out against the golden brown tanned skin.Where only a whisper of stubble grew on his face before, there is scruff from a couple of days neglect. His hair is a little longer than he usually keeps it curling wildly about his boy's head. The Wendigo resist the urge to comb his fingers through the dark strands.

Will stands there like temptation itself chewing on an apple. The boy is unaware of his coming into his own beauty.Hannibal wants to scent the air and a warm feeling drops from his chest to his groin. The sensation is disconcerting. This sense of courtship is something the Wendigo never thought would happen with regards towards William. He has always viewed Will as a child, a boy nothing more. Now his mindset has suddenly changed. But at this moment is not the time nor place to ponder this. Will stops in mid-chew swallowing wiping his mouth.

"Is there something wrong Hannibal?"

His facial expression is in tandem with the concern in his voice.
Before Hannibal can reply. Will breathes out an *"oh"* before walking over, throwing his arms around his guardian squeezing. Hannibal slowly envelopes his Will scenting him. The teenager smells the green grass, creek water and Will. Hannibal realizes that instead of Will's head hitting him in mid chest, the boy is tall enough to rest his hand on his shoulder. Another few inches they will be of equal height.

"Sorry. I should have hugged you when I came in, but I was starving. The apples distracted me."

Will smiles pulling out of the embrace taking another bite from the apple. Turning to grab a glass from the cabinet. Hannibal's eyes roam over his back and suddenly very noticeable backside. The Wendigo grimaces that his self-control or lack thereof is going to be tested from now on apparently.

Will fills his glass, and Hannibal takes the minute to collect himself. He smiles when Will turns toward him.

"You look different. You've grown and ..." Hannibal gestures up and down the teenager's body.

Will looks down then laughs.

"Yeah! I know..great, right?! Matty finally talked me into lifting weights with him. "

Will raises his shirt to show Hannibal his defined abs. He looks up grinning at Hannibal. The man's mouth waters.

"I'll never be like actually ripped..a muscle man but I'm pleased with the results. I feel a lot stronger as well. Should have listened to Matty before and started earlier."

Will smacks his abs before letting his t-shirt fall back down. Hannibal feels a sense of loss when that happens.

"I am going to the market to pick up a few items for dinner. Alana, Beverly and Magot are coming over to celebrate your birthday."

"Oh, can I come?"

"Come?"

"With you to the market? Are you sure you're okay?"

"I'm fine.I am. Go change your clothes and meet me at the car."

"Sure!"

Hannibal hears Will dash upstairs while he grabs the grocery bags. He was hoping to spend this time to think about this situation, but it seems that would have to be later.

At the market, Hannibal watches Will as he always has but now he starts to notice the attention Will is getting. People are always drawn to Will. He was a very adorable child. Now, the glances aren't laced with *"aww"* but lust. The women flirt with him openly. They touch his boy briefly while flipping their hair. The men stare with lecherous looks. The Wendigo growls. This attention will not do! Luckily the boy doesn't seem to notice which is good for Will and as well as Hannibal's temper. The Wendigo would be very upset if Will returns those flirtatious glances. Hannibal literally stops walking.

'Stops this.'

He thinks to himself. Will is growing up. He knew his boy would garner attention from others. Why not? The boy is beautiful and has an air of innocence. It beckons to be damaged and educated. Hannibal knew this on a conscience level, but he didn't expect his reaction would be so adverse to the effects of it. Yes, he was a possessive and jealous Wendigo, but it was very much a part of his species nature. But this reaction..feeling...is out of control at least from Hannibal's perspective.

After arriving home, Will helps put away the groceries before relaxing in his room. Hannibal throws himself into preparing the meal. This distraction gives him a momentary reprieve from the thoughts about Will.

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here is a knock at the door. Will calls out he'll answer. He straightens his new suit jacket before opening the door. There are three women huddle around the door when the boy answers it. Their greeting is full of hugs and kisses with exchanged glances and raised

eyebrows between the women.

Will motions for the women to go to the kitchen as he needs to excuse himself a moment. The women whisper among themselves walking into the kitchen.

Hannibal looks up greeting his guests. The Wendigo brows furrow as the women continue to whisper amongst themselves for a few more minutes.

"It's rude to whisper." he teases

The women blush before Beverly speaks up in her usual blunt way.

"Well, I don't know about the others but Will..wow..he looks..very.."

"handsome."

"gorgeous."

Margot and Alana's comments are thrown into the conversation.

'scrumptious' Hannibal adds silently.

The women teeter in their giggling.

"I feel like a cougar!" says Alana rolling her eyes.

"Well, I see the appeal of it," remarks Beverly. She growls making her hand into a claw swiping the air.

"Hannibal, are you prepared for all the phone calls from girls and boys? They will be coming in throngs when they see him at school this fall."

Margot watches Hannibal intently. She senses something is amiss about their host this evening.

"Who will?" asks a youthful voice.

Will smiles looking between the adults. Beverly puts a hand on Will's shoulders smiling.

"We are talking about the fan club you'll have in the fall."

"Me?" the youth looks taken back.

"Yes you, handsome."

"I don't know about that."

Will kicks his feet as he looks at them.

"Well, we do! You have come into your own this summer."

"Umm...thanks."

Will huffs looking away with a slight pink to his cheeks.

Hannibal saves Will as he ushers everyone into the dining room.

The conversation is comfortable.Will and Hannibal regale everyone with their adventurous. The women discuss upcoming events.Will eats ravenously, apologizing when Hannibal watches him, that he is hungry all the time. The Wendigo dismisses the behavior. He understands the urge to eat everything or everyone in sight.

"Oh, Hannibal, tonight, Matty and I are going to the movies."

Hannibal looks at Will eyebrow raised.

"Please. It's my birthday. We have gotten into any more trouble together."

Doe's eyes are imploring looking at the Wendigo.

"Well, you may but come home right after the movie. I have something planned for us tomorrow.I want you well rested."

"Really? Can't I stay out a lit bit later,please."

"No, I want you well rested when we go to look at automobiles for you."

Hannibal counts down in his head watching Will's expression go from disappointed to elated.The radiant look on his boy's face is worth everything to Hannibal. The women clap as they offer congratulations. Will moves swifter than the Wendigo releases as the teenager has clasped Hannibal into a tight hug.

"Thank you! Thank you! This is going to be sick!"

"Now it will not be an expensive or new car. You will be responsible for the maintenance. Do you understand?"

"Yes! Not a problem!"

Will looks like he could run circles the house in his excitement. When his boy was younger, he would run circles the house. Something that has not happened in many years.

After the Will calms down and cake is devoured Will asks to be excused to get ready for the movie. He embraces all his guest with a peck on the cheek. He expresses his gratitude for the gifts and their presence that evening. Hannibal proudly smiles. His boy learned well what takes to be a good host.

The women make their exit and before long the doorbell rings at the Lecter house.Hannibal opens the door and sees a mature looking Matthew Brown standing at the door. Will's friend is taller and more muscular. He is wearing a button down and nice jeans.He smiles cocky at the Wendigo. Hannibal hides his distaste before he speaks.

"Hello, Dr. Lecter.Is Will ready?"

"His finishing up. Come inside won't you."

Matthew steps inside they stand awkwardly waiting for Will. Will comes down the stairs dressed in new blue shirt and jeans, Hannibal gave him for his birthday. Matty smiles wide when Will comes down the stairs toward the other men.

"Hey!"

"Hey! Ready to go?"

"You bet!"

"Remeber what I said Will." The Wendigo softly reminds the youth.

"Yeah, Home after the movie."

"Why so early?" asks Matty

"We have plans for tomorrow."

Will looks at Matty and raises his eyebrows.Matty slings his arm across Will's shoulders as he looks smugly at Hannibal.

"Don't worry. I'll take good care of our Will here," he smirks at Lecter in a way that Hannibal wishes he could cut the boy.

The two leave and Hannibal sits down with a glass of wine to ponder these feelings about Will.His boy...could he be his mate? Has the Wendigo raised the perfect partner for himself?It may be time to start feeding Will the more exotic meat in the boy's meals. He growls in pleasure at the thought.

Blue Beard's Last Wife

Chapter Summary

Will finds out the Wendigo eats human meat around Halloween that year.

Chapter Notes

For IaBlMeanie,

Who requested Will finding out Hannibal eats human meat.

Will turned twelve this summer, and he is trying to decide if he will trick or treat this year. He's just shy of the age to stop, but since Will has looked so much younger than he is, he could pass for at least another couple of years. Of course, Hannibal only lets him bring in that "processed trash" into the house this one month a year.

Will can't bear the thought of missing out on the candy. This year will be his last ride on the candy wagon, he tells himself. He'll make the best of it. Halloween is tomorrow night, so he starts searching for things to make a costume.

He heads downstairs to the foyer cloak closet to see if any of Hannibal's coats will work for something when he notices something strange.The basement door is unlocked. The padlock is dangling open. Will wanders toward the door drawn by years of curiosity.Hannibal forbade Will ever to go downstairs.

The Wendigo claims that is where all the expensive wines that are stored but Will suspects that's where all the wendigo's treasure is kept. Ever since the boy was young, he imagined there was a wealth of treasure hoarded in the basement; much like a dragon. Hannibal is a magical being, is he not? How did he obtain all his money but by hoarding, right? That's what Will thinks anyway.

Will put his hand on the door knob telling himself he'll only open the door and look down the stairs. It is pitch black. Will goes to the kitchen finding a flashlight he creeps back to the stairs. He holds his breath every time he hears a strange creak. Will has no idea where Hannibal is at in that moment. Any minute he could be discovered and his chance to explore the basement gone. The adrenaline and dread fill his lungs heightened by the spookiness of this time of year.

"Never go into the cellar alone" he whispers adding a bawhaha quiet laugh to it.

He walks down a couple of steps shining the light down below but sees nothing. He takes a few more stairs down. He can see a few feet in front of him. Once he reaches the bottom step, He can see the racks and barrels of wine.

"Well, I guess it is just boozed down here" he mutters disappointed.

Until something catches his eye. He looks like plastic hanging from the doorway slightly hidden behind a rack of wine. Will shines his light heading toward it. It's strips of hanging plastic and a chilly wind is coming from the room. Will tentatively through the plastic. The cold plastic feels slimy and cold from the temperature and humidity of the basement. It makes Will shudder as he, shines the flashlight around. He sees a massive metal sink and metal counter. Various tools are laying around, things to expect in a basement but what he doesn't expect is the metal gurney he accidently hits which roll away from its place. Will catches the edge of the rolling table afraid he won't put it back into the right position.Hannibal would be alerted to Will's snooping. That worry leaves his head when a cold hand flops near his.

Will's heart leaps as he stumbles back bumping into another metal table. He thrashes his hand back along the wall trying to find a light. Surely his eyes are playing tricks on him. It's Halloween, after all, Will does have a very vivid and active imagination.The lights abruptly power on and Will squints his eyes.When they adjust, he sees a dead man laying on the table.

"Oh, my..oh my god..what I do?What do I do?" he screams inside his head. Frozen in place tears of fear clutch his heart and sting Will's eyes.

"Why Hannibal? Why?"

Will backs slowly away trying to catch his breath. He can't let Hannibal, know he knows what is down here. What would the Wendigo do to him?Will's back touches something vast and cold.

Will turns to find a freezer. His shaking hand reaches out to open the door; even though the little voice inside his head is clamoring for him not to do it. The door opens, Will sees shelves of meat, organs and other body parts. Will feels light headed as he backs away the door closes with a dull whoosh. Will sits down as everything becomes numb.

Hannibal eats people? Wendigo's, eat people?! Has Hannibal fed him, people?! The thought makes Will want to retch the contents of his stomach up, but he swallows it down. Hannibal would smell it on him causing the Wendigo to investigate Will's illness. In the basement Hannibal would know for sure, Will has broken his promise not to go where he was forbidden. As Will minds rewind his time with Hannibal, he begins to understand some of the wendigo's odd behavior. Will assumed Hannibal did strange things because he was not human but now...

How Hannibal would disappear for a long night run and smell funny..like copper.Will thought Hannibal had hurt himself but the Wendigo never seemed injured.

"He was hunting."

The echo of his voice makes the boy flinch.Was Hannibal hunting when they met in the forest the first time? Had Hannibal wanted to eat him?Is that why he kept Will around? Was he saving him for a later date?Letting him age like wine, the Wendigo fattening the boy up for an entree'?

A voice whispers inside his head that Will has never feared the Wendigo. Hannibal has never given him a reason to be.

That thought gives way to anther memory. Hannibal would never let him taste things from his plate. Will thought Hannibal deemed it bad etiquette.So maybe Hannibal wasn't feeding him people.

Then Will's eyes drifted to the gurney with the body on it. He pulls himself up to his feet and numbly shuffled over to the man. What made Hannibal choose him?

The longer Will looked, the more he thought he might know this man. Then the realization hits Will it was the cruel man from a couple of years ago.

Will remembers playing outside with a puppy they were dog sitting. The ball flew out of the yard. Will followed the puppy who chased the ball into the street. The animal ran into the street; Will saw a car coming, and before he could stop the puppy, the car hit him.

New tears formed in Will's eyes as he remembers running over to the puppy crying while the man in the car got out of it.He was yelling and cursing at Will about not watching his dog and what did he expect. That stupid bitch deserved it, the man said. Now his car was damaged he had yelled.Will picked up the injured dog trying to move him gently when the man grab him by the shirt collar. The man dragging Will out of the street making the puppy howl in pain. Will tearfully yelling at the man to stop. The man's hand was raised to hit the boy when he was stopped by Hannibal. Hannibal, who's one angry look struck terror into the bully of the man and silenced Will as well.

Hannibal had sent Will inside while he dealt with the man. He remembers Hannibal tucking something in his vest when he stepped back into the house before he called the animal hospital.

Will snarled thinking it was good the man was dead. He was an awful human being. Would he make a bitter meal?

That quick thought enters his mind which he sent away immediately. Will hears what sounds like someone moving upstairs. He leaps into action. He must get out of there, like yesterday.

He'll think about this later when he is alone away from the stench of decay. He pulls the gurney back to where it was. He turned out the lights. He stumbles and falls heading out of the room. He reaches the stairs and pauses at the bottom. It seems all quiet. He uses his hands to grab the steps, so he can leave the flashlight off as he ascends the stairs.

At the top, he stops and creaks open the door looking out. The coast is clear. Will swiftly exits the stairs closes the door quickly and quietly clicking the padlock back into place.

Will tippy toe to the stairs and is half way up when he hears Hannibal's call from the hall. Will stops. He tries to act causal. He tries to slow his racing heartbeat and breathing damn the wendigo's hearing.

"I think I've caught you."

Will looks at Hannibal at the bottom of the stairs as he swallows.

"Caught me?"

"Yes, I see you are making a Halloween costume after all. I thought you would trick or treat this year despite your protests to the contrary."

"Oh yea..You were right. I did give in." Will tries to look bashful about it.

"I am starting dinner in a minute. "

Will blanches as he thinks about the meat.

"Are you sick, William?"

Hannibal puts a foot on the bottom step and a hand on the rail to ascend the stairs.

"No..no..I am fine...I think I got too hot or something when I was rummaging in the closet."

Hannibal gives him a look like he doesn't quite believe him.Before relaxing nodding his head.

"Very well then lay, down until dinner."

"Yes, Sir."

Hannibal watches Will go up the stairs. As the Wendigo walks toward the kitchen, he stops at the basement door. The padlock looks like it has been moved but before he can look closer then phone rings. Hannibal hesitates before heading to answer the phone.

Days..weeks...moths..pass Will slowly drifts back into trusting Hannibal. He decides not to bring up the people eating thing. It would make a living with the Wendigo awkward for both of them. The boy assures himself that Hannibal only eats those who deserves it.

Misletoe

Chapter Summary

Christmas eve in Hannibal's study

Chapter Notes

Will is 17, almost 18. A little Christmas angst (how that came about I don't know), fluff and cheer.

"Will?"

Hannibal enters the study where Will is sitting in front of the fireplace by the Christmas tree. There are two Christmas trees in the wendigo's household.One tree,located in the living room off the foyer, is lavishly and perfectly decorated in the living room. The living tree is tall enough to nearly brush the ceiling. It is perfectly shaped and full with a lush green color. Every heirloom ornament (some of them as old as the Lecter name itself) is placed at the precise spot to be aesthetically pleasing by itself; as well as in harmony with the rest of the ensemble of gold and red. The tree skirt is hand embroidered with gold thread on white silk.

Will, since he was small, has called this tree the company tree. It is only for visitors, so there is no touching, no playing around the tree and absolutely positively no moving the ornaments around. The first few Christmas were a nightmare to Hannibal.Even though he loves his human boy, very much, the urge to devour him as an afternoon snack crossed his mind often those holiday season. All the rules,mention before, were set into place because of the terror brought by a curious child. The child worried him endlessly just being in the same room as that fragile,breakable and expensive heirlooms hanging on by merely a ribbon.

The wendigo decided to give Will a tree "that was just for them". One in which Will could help decorate. This tree is an artificial tree. The wendigo saw this plastic replica an abomination to mother nature. However, he did decide that maybe, just maybe humans made a clever thing after all. This conclusion was drawn when after their first "just for them" tree was per curried and Hannibal gave the responsibility for watering the tree to Will. To be fair,maybe expecting an eight-year to check and water the tree as necessary each day was not the best parenting decision, Hannibal ever made.After the small fire in which a spark cast out from the fireplace caught the dry tree on fire, an artificial tree was bought along with new carpet and paint for the walls.

The "their tree" is small. Multiple strings of lights in various colors adorn the tree. Some are burnt out, others are blinking while most are steady. Some of the lights are shaped as snowflakes,globes that bubble,Rudolph, and Santa. Through the years Will and Hannibal have made ornaments for their tree. There are special ornaments given to his boy each year to mark Will's stay with the wendigo.

These ornaments are placed haphazardly on the tree. Some are clustered in one area of the tree while in other areas there might be one lonesome ornament on its own. Just like the tensile that Hannibal hates with a passion because every year it takes almost six months to throw away all the stray strands that always find its way to the wendigo's suits. The red tree skirt is made of cheap felt with a circle of felt dogs glued on it .

At first, Hannibal hated this tree he felt it was garish. The thought of someone seeing it made him shudder. As the years have progressed he went from loathing to hating to tolerating, to indifference and finally, this being his favorite tree. All the years and all the memories that flourish around it fills him with a great comforting warmth.

Will, now, is sitting in front of it like a child. Knees are drawn to the chest, with only the tree and the firelight giving the room a warm glow outlining Will's face and hair; as though gold is spun into the weave of his corporeal being. The light from these vanishes into the black corners of the room. The glow surrounds the only thing that matters within the room, his boy. Will looks beautiful..perfect.

Hannibal's boy is actually now his young man. His boy is sitting on the floor with his back against one of the leather chair. Eyes appear as though they are peering into the future or for the answer to all life's question within the flames. He's in his worn out t-shirt and flannel pants. Will is nearly a man of legal age to move out of the wendigo's guardianship. It pains Hannibal to think about it but yet again it opens the door for a new relationship to grow, at least the wendigo hopes.

Will turns his head glancing at Hannibal giving a small smile as his eye return the fire.

"Hey, Hannibal. Do you need something?"

"No, I was wondering where you were. You are very quiet tonight."

"Are you afraid I'm up to mischief since I am quiet?"

Will smiles as he and Hannibal chuckle together.

"Well..if you were younger I might be suspicious but now.."

The line drops as the wendigo sinks into the other chair. He sighs as his body relaxes into the buttery leather. His hand drops over the arm rest. If Hannibal moves them just so his fingertips will brush soft curls but he doesn't.

"Is something troubling you Will?"

He asks after a few minutes of silence.Will sighs cocking his head thinking about what he wants to confide.

"No,not really. I've got some things on my mind lately."

"Do you want to discuss it."

"Maybe. Are you gooing to psychoanalyze me?"

Will throws a cocked eyebrow over his shoulder at Hannibal.The wendigo smirks down at his boy.

"No. I would never presume to do such a thing. But simple observations may creep into my thoughts."

"I guess it can't be helped."

"No more than you turning off your empathy. So tell me. It may ease your mind."

Will looks up at Hannibal over his shoulder again for a moment before pursing his lips then turn his head. The boy directs blue orbs ahead. He sighs then nervously clears his throat.

"Matty wants to have sex."

Will states, then pausing for a reaction from the wendigo. There is nothing overt but Will can sense Hannibal's body tensing before trying to settle back into professional indifference. When Hanibal does relax, Will continues.

"I'm not sure about it. Sure we fooled around.. alot..just playing around I suppose but..."

"But..." the wendigo encourages Will to continue as he desperately tries not to imagine what "playing around" entails.

"But I'm not sure I could do that and it not meaning anything. It would be ,you know, like friends with benefits thing. Matty says he could handle that...but I don't think he could be . He gets to be so jealous and possessive now. We aren't really dating or anything but he gets so..so..uptight about other people talking to me. Like that happens so often."

Will roll his eyes. The boy glances down at his hand his attention focused on worrying his cuticles with his other hand. To the wendigo's relief, Will's attention is directed elsewhere at the moment. Hannibal's expression is nowhere as guarded as it should be. The fact that Hannibal wants Will for himself, to be his mate, makes this conversation difficult and dangerous. The wendigo has been secretly adding human meat into the boy's diet for almost a year now. He's not sure how long it will take Will to transform into a wendigo.

He must use caution in what he says to his boy. The best way to persuade Will, manipulate if one wants to call it that, is to make Will think it's his own idea or feeling. This is tricky because his boy is so perceptive and intelligent.Hannibal is aware of Matthew's feelings for Will since the beginning;along with his darker nature. Hannibal wondered if Will was aware

of the feelings and the nature lurking beneath the person suit of Matthew. Hannibal shifts his weight and then focuses on his breathing before speaking.

"Yes. I have noticed Matthew's intense interest in you. So do you want to remain friends with Matthew? Do you want more? What makes you hesitate about having sex, the next step in the relationship or is it the act of sex itself that has put you off?"

Will blushes looking at the carpet and then back to the fire. "Well..maybe both..."

"It is a life-changing decision. I think you are wise to be cautious in your thoughts about it."

Will pushes his legs out before him stretching his arms above his head before leaning back on his elbows on the seat he rests against. He huffs and shakes his head looking into the fire.

"I know you dislike..no..hate Matty."

"I am not saying to be cautious because I detest that boy."

Will his give him a sardonic look of disbelief.

"Really William. I think you should keep your options open for a better opportunity or partner to come into your life."

A moment of silence is there with a crackle of something unseen about to happen. Hannibal looks around the room before eyes landing on the doorway. He half expects something or someone to suddenly appear and charge into the room.Then something does happen just not a physical force. Will sighs and speaks.

"Like you?"

Hannibal's head snaps around looking at Will, who is still looking into the fire. A threat of adrenaline is felt in the wendigo's toes, he keeps his voice calm,feigning innocents.

"Like me?"

"Yes, you Hannibal. As a potential partner."

Will turn his body and full attention toward the wendigo. His eyes are locked onto Hannibal's as his hands rub his thigh in agitation. The wendigo feels a swell of pride in his chest that his William has come to this conclusion on his own but the doubt of the boy's assured returned affection clouds his vision. Instead of answering, Hannibal keeps his eyes on Will, waiting the boy out.

"I see. I've been suspicious for a while now. Matty noticed it as well, he mentioned it to me. We had a big fight over it in fact. Since then he started pushing the idea of us having sex more."

Will rest his arm on the chair seat and his head lays on his arm. His blue eyes look into Hannibal's amber ones before closing them. He sighs.

"Aren't you going to say anything?"

"How does that make you feel?"

Will's eyes fly open followed by laughing. His laughter dies down to a smile. Hannibal returns the smile.

"I feel like you need a new line."

Will's smile and eyes soften as he continues.

"I feel torn between what I should feel, what I do feel and what I'm expected to feel." The boy holds up a hand stopping the wendigo's tried and true rant about human society's perception on relationships. "I know what you think about society rules. But I am still human and I am affected by them regardless what you say."

Hannibal cocks his head curious.

"What do you feel?"

"I feel..I feel so many conflicting emotions. I feel friendship, love, admiration,attraction.." Will falters at this moment. Cheeks in bloom as his hair covers his face as the carpet becomes the most interesting thing to focus on. "Sexual attraction and confusion."

Hannibal sighs. He reaches down stroking his fingers through Will's hair like he did when the boy was smaller. His fingers go from the hair to Will's cheek and jaw lifting his head slowly so the boy's full attention is on him and this moment.

"I don't wish to bring you confusion or pain. Whatever path you take or whomever you choose to be with, I want you to know that I will always love you. Always. It is true my feelings have changed over the years. I have grown to love you more and more. It has changed as you and I have changed. I guess I should feel guilty for these feelings and desires but the fact is..."

Hannibal removes his hand leaning back into the chair keeping eye contact.

"You are not my biological child. I have cared and loved you as if you were one of my own species. But as you've grown in maturity,intelligence, and beauty,I have grown to love you in a romantic way. In the wendigo society, I suppose I should have told you more about it, wendigo mates bonds are often forged in childhood. An older wendigo will be a mentor to a younger one. Often feelings of love are forged in that relationship as time goes on. I am affected by wendigo society as you are by your human one."

Will gets up and stands in front of Hannibal.

"Have you been grooming me for this?"

Hannibal shakes head.

"No. If it seems like I have,it was not on purpose."

Will cocks his head to the side crossing his arms. He narrows his eyes in thought.

"I want an early Christmas gift,Hannibal."

The wendigo blinks at the sudden change in topic of conversation. He nods.

"What gift do you want early,William?"

Will gathers himself.

"I want you to kiss me under the mistletoe."

Will looks at the spring over the door of the study."

Hannibal smirks delighted as well as shocked. He gets up and follows the boy to the doorway.They face each other and Will licks his lips nervously. Hannibal opens his mouth to tell Will that they don't have to do this when the boy surges forward placing his lips on Hannibal's. His hands are holding Hannibal's head bringing the wendigo closer. The wendigo closes his eyes and follows Will's kiss that grows intensity. After a few moments, they break apart both panting. Hannibal feels a thrill at the chemistry between them. Will is, flushed a smile twitched on his lips. The boy backs away.

"Um..Wow..thanks for my present. I think I need to go to bed now."

Hannibal merely nods as Will turns around running into the door jam before turning around an even darker shade of red.The boy murmurs good night with a merry Christmas added. Hen then runs up the stairs. For once Hannibal does not chastise the boy for running. He leans back against the door jam thinking about mistletoe and Will's lips.

My Bloody Valentine

Chapter Notes

> Well, the tags and rating have changed. This is not a very fluffy Valentine's Day story. Hint see chapter title. the other chapters should go back to their regularly scheduled fluff.

Hannibal is making himself some tea. He is waiting for his boy to return from his jaunt out with Matthew Brown. The wendigo is attempting not to fret over the situation but despite his logical arguments anxiety sits in his gut.Out of the corner of his eye, he sees something rush by the kitchen window. He freezes and sniffs the air, all his senses are on alert. Hannibal smells Will and blood. He turns quickly walking to the french doors and opens them up. He steps out into the night air his breath mists. He hears the crunch of frosted grass.

"Will?"

Hannibal hears a sound between a whimper and a sob. He looks around again. He feels Will but he doesn't see him.

"Will. Come here, please. I'll make sure everything is taken care of for you."

The older man turns slow when he hears footsteps move from around the house. He brings in a shuddering breath when he sees his boy. Will is stuck between transforming into a wendigo and his human form. Will's head has two small nubs where antlers will grow. His skin is black from his face to his torso. His blue eyes glow from underneath long lashes. His hands are pink and pale with the nails long and black. His lower body is gray. Will is covered in blood from head to toe. It drips from his mouth mixing with saliva.

The older wendigo thinks his boy is magnificent.

Hannibal moves cautiously forward. Something traumatic has taken place for this type of forced transformation. Will give no sign that this would take place anytime soon. Hannibal opens his arms beckoning the young wendigo to come into his arms. He coaxes him with soft words of love and comfort before Will finally succumbs to his desire to be held.

Will nuzzles into the older wendigo's arms sobbing. Hannibal leads Will into the house toward the downstairs bathroom. He turns on the shower while keeping a firm hold on his boy. He shushes Will as he places himself fully clothed and the bloody boy into the warm spray.

Hannibal waits patiently as the blood flows down the drain and Will relax. As the boy relaxes he begins to transform back into his human form. Becuase Will was not born a wendigo but made into one he will keep his human form with the wendigo underneath. Not like Hannibal who is wendigo hiding underneath his human disguise.

Hannibal grabs a towel after turning off the water. He dries Will.

"Will. Can you tell me what happened?"

Will shake his head as his face crumples again into despair.

"Can you tell me who's blood this is?"

Will whispers something that is so soft only a wendigo could hear.

"Matty's. I..killed Matty.."

Hannibal nods hiding his smile.He clears his throat.

"Where is his body?"

Will shudders crying harder gripping the older wendigo tighter.

"Did you eat him Will?"

Will nods emphatically yes.

"Is there anything left?"

"Not much." comes a whisper

"Greedy boy. You need to learn to share."

Hannibal's ill-timed humor makes his boy cry harder and tries to pull away from the wendigo holds him tighter.

"I am sorry. Bad joke. I couldn't help myself."

"Come I am going to out you to bed. Are the remains where anyone can find them? I need to know Will, so I can dispose of them.Will? Will?"

"Why are we here Matty?"

Will look over at Mathew as he leans his head against his hand propped against the car door. The car is quickly cooling in the February night. Matthew drove them a spot that felt remote but wasn't too far the hustle and bustle of the city.

"I thought you would like to the see stars without all that light pollution."

Matty smiles and moves his seat further back in the car away from the steering wheel. He removes his leather biker jacket before pulling out a bottle of bourbon. Will roll his eyes looking out the front window looking upward at the sky.The stars are beautiful, Will admits to himself. He sighs. He wishes he were home with Hannibal. Ever since Will kissed his guardian at Christmas the wendigo had become cold and distant.

Will was sure Hannibal's feelings were romantic than platonic but after the Christmas Will question his instincts that were never wrong before. The rejection hurt, Will admit, it hurt more than expected. There was no way the boy was going to spend Valentine's day in that house. So he agreed to go out with Matty.

Matty shakes the bottle at Will. Will huff a laugh coming back to the moment taking the bottle. He takes the cap off and takes a drink, grimacing at the burn. He attempts to hand the bottle back to Matt but the other boy refuses as he smiles. Will shrugs taking another drink resting the bottle on his thigh looking out into the void.

Matty was a problem of a different nature. He was more than interested in Will, not unlike Hannibal. The older man hides his interest. Will's been Mathew's best friend since grade school. As the boys have gotten older, their friendship has blossomed into romantic interest for Matty. Though Will feels Mathew is handsome and fun, there is something about the boy that was off. Something hidden that Will couldn't put his finger on but he suspected Hannibal knew. But the wendigo was as tight-lipped as ever.

The boys chat and drink some more. Will finally felt the warmth of the liquor and removed his coat. Even though Matty and Will were matched evenly,sip *for sip, drink to drink, Will is much more tipsy than Matty.*

Matty with his shit eating grin is laughing in an amusement at Will. Will cocks an eyebrow.

"How..how you not drunk?"

Will falls forward slightly.Matty's hands come up holding Will's shoulders to steady the inebriated boy.

"Hmmm..my metabolism is faster." He chuckles then he inhales Will's scent. Mathew moves his nose through Will's curls and down hs neck. The boy squirms and giggles as he attempts to pull back from the other.

"Stop..staaawwwp it,Matty!"

Will whines turning his head as he jerks away.Matty growls pulling Will back toward him. Will pulls back blue eyes roaming over Matty's face.

"Did you smell me, dude? What...why you do that?"

"Becuase you smell good Will," Mattew growls again his grip tightening on Will's shoulders. Will moves his arms succeeding in getting the other's grip off his shoulders. He slides back toward the door.An exaggerated furrowed brow and frown on his place.

"Did you growl*?Like..a dog?" Will laugh a little looking away then back again. His laughter dies on his lips when he sees Matthew's very black eyes. Will's hands feel for the door handle as he keeps his eyes on Matthew.*

"Matty.Matty? I..what's wrong? I was just teasing you..you know kidding around..you know?" Will slurs out. The smile returned is not friendly and neither is the way Matty grabs will's arms pulling him toward the other boy. Will's reflexes are slow due to the alcohol he weakly tries to pull back. He's afraid. Will knows he is in danger but his mind if foggy.

"Were you kidding, Will? Has Hannibal poisoned you against me? Becuase I am no dog!" Matty hisses digging his fingers into Will's flesh tighter."

"Matt! Let go! You are hurting me."

Will's breathes stutters as he tries for a humorous line to lighten the mood.

"Besides I love dogs..you know that."

"I know, Will. You love all types of creatures."

The last words are felt as hot breath in Will's face. He cries out whenWill feels a hand twist inside his hair pulling his head to the side.Matt's lips cover Will's as his tongue invades the boy's mouth. He bites Will's lip harden enough to break the skin. Will still clutching the whiskey bottle tries pushing the other way. Whiskey slushes *everywhere as the two struggle. Will struggles as Matt keeps him firmly in place, before finally releasing Will's lips.*

"Fuck Off Matty! Let me go!"

Will feels Matty's grip tighten in his hair and Matty's arm goes to his hip.He smiles as Will anger surfaces. The other boy doesn't answer, just growls something deep and low and bloody. Will stills *instantly. His eyes move up to Matthew's face. He swallows.*

"Please Matt. You..you..are hurting me."

"Pain makes you beautiful. Everyone knows that especially your wendigo."

Will's heart picks up speed. It's thumping loudly but speaks up speed when he hears Matty say that. He feels his face pale. He swallows. He can't speak. Matty chuckles darkly bringing g his mouth to Will's bared neck nipping then biting the pale flesh.Will feels Matt's hand moved from his hip to his shirt pulling on to it till the buttons fly off.Matthew's hand pushes the fabric away as his fingers skim Will's torso.

"What's that? I'm.I don't know..." All Will's mind can churn out is denial..deny everything. His free hands try to stop Matt's hand's journey but fail as he feels his nipple pinch. Will hisses.

"Don't lie to me, Will. I know your guardian is a wendigo. I know because I am different too."

Matty pulls back to look at his prey's bewildered expression.

"Are you one too?"

Matty laughs then it abruptly stops.

"No. I am a wolf."

Will look at Matty's face. His foggy mind focuses in and out before, he feels a smile on his face. Matt and his love for pranks!Will laughs.

"You had me going there a minute Matt. You really did..a wolf..that's" before he can finish Matt's eyes turn yellow and his jaw elongates before turning back to himself. Will's mind is in full out panic.

"Holy Shit! You are! "

Will drop the whiskey and starts to struggle desperately. Matt throws his arm around Will's back pulling him toward his chest. He twisted them where Matt's body is effectively pinning Will's body to be still.

"Let me go, Matty. I..when..how..."

"Since birth but a wolf doesn't come into his own until his a teenager. I've always known what Hannibal is but I was concerned that you didn't know. Then when I realized that you knew but you were unafraid."

"He cares about me.Of course, I'm not afraid. He would.."

"What? never hurt you? Wake up, Will! He's been feeding you human meat! He's trying to turn you into one of them."

"No..no..it's not true. He's not a monster...not like.."

"me? is that what you want to say?"

Will says nothing.

"If you think I am a monster..then I'll show you one."

Maty grabs the bottle from the floor forcing the rest of the whiskey into Will's mouth, as he squeezes Will's jaw forcing it to remain open. Matthew forces Will's mouth closed making the boy swallow the alcohol. He releases Will.The boy opens the car door stumbling out into the cold night air. His feet aren't working like they should as the rest of the alcohol hits his system.

He tries to crawl away as the cold air tightens his face and stings his eyes.Wills limbs feel heavy with every lift of a leg and arm. He has to stop because the world is spinning. Will feels Matt's hand grab his shoulder turning him over. He falls on his back with a whimper of air pushes out of his lungs.Will closes his eyes the next moment he knows Matt is grabbing at his belt and jeans to open them up. The panic resurfaces as Will struggles anew. A wave of

irritation washes over the wolf who slaps Will hard across the face. The boy stops his struggle in shock.

"Matt..no..no.Matt..stop!..."

Will slurs his hands can't grip anything and he can't push the other off him. The edges of Will's vision turn black as he lays back feeling weak and defeated.As he blinks he feels tears fall from his eyes.Will feels a thumb wipe them away.

"There now..shhh.it's going to be okay. I will take good care of you. When you have proven your loyalty to me I'll turn you I promise."

"I don't want this! Please don't do this to me, Matty. I thought we were friends!

"I am still your friend I just want more."

Fear and loathing bubble up into Will's chest as he flails his arms in an attempt to throw off the werewolf who is calmly pinning him to the ground.Matt's fingertips turn into claws that cut through Will's clothing shredding them to rags. Will feels only the pressure of the claws because his skin is numb from the alcohol. Will knows in the morning he'll feel every cut and bruise from the struggle. Another reminder of what is happening right now.

Will mumbles that didn't know where they were. He refuses to let Hannibal go forcing the older wendigo to find a sedative. He injects Will waiting for the younger man to fall into a deep sleep. Once Will is thoroughly asleep, Hannibal puts him into bed. He changes into his true form going outside to track down where the boys were.

With his experience and Hannibal's heightened senses he easily finds where the boys were. The car is still there with lights shining into a wooded area.He follows the scent of the struggle, growling at the smell of fear that came from Will. He follows the trail of blood and fur.

"Matthew must have changed in the attack."

Hannibal thinks to himself. He knew the arrogant young man was a werewolf. Everything about he screamed that he was other.Usually, Wendigos and wolves live in peace in the same territory. They hunted different prey and respected each other's privacy and protecting each others identity from man's discovery. However once in a while, a young upstart felt like they had something to prove.Killings between the two species were rare but not unheard of either. In this, it was self-defense in Will's case.

Hannibal decided Matthew had been killed quick and easy compared to what the older wendigo would have done.Hannibal gathered up the remains burying them far and deep into the woods. He took the care and ran it off a high cliff to destroy it.

Hannibal returns to the house before dawn. He changed back into his human form taking a shower to clean himself from the blood and decay that seemed to cling to the older man.

He entered the bedroom where Will was laying. His boy was awake but looking vacantly off into the distance. Hannibal slipped into bed touching Will gently. The younger man turns over nestling himself into Hannibal's arms.

"Is everything.."

"Yes. I have taken care of everything, Wiliam. You need to rest."

"I didn't mean to kill him."

"I know but you were attacked. You did what was necessary."

"I know.I know I did." a soft swallowed sob follows." but he was my friend. My only friend. Why did he do that Hannibal? Why?"

Will feels Matthew's large cock slide against his cleft of his ass. He quivers whimpering *and crying. Matthew only growls pushing himself instantly against the other boy. Will starts to feel the burn from Matthew forcing himself. Will yells out in pain but also in anger. The boy feels a spark of fury ignites as Matthew continues pushing in without stopping.*

Suddenly is not only burning pain and anger that Will is consumed by but he's starving as well. He's never felt this ravenous before.He scratches Matthew's shoulder and watches the blood drip down his chest. Will began to focus on the blood and the scent of it. He licks his lips as his mind imagines the muscle underneath the skin. The meat underneath. The assault is forgotten as Will opens his mouth tearing into the chest of his attacker. His bite so powerful he rips the muscle off the bone.

Matthew screams in agony as his eyes look with terror at Will. The other boy pulls out and begins to change into his wolf form. The pain must be hindering his change because Will is up in a mere second. He grabs the wolf slinging him into the forest gainst a tree effectively breaking the wolf's back and stopping him in mid change.

Will doesn't want the wolf meat, he wants man meat. He rips opens Matthew's torso ripping out organs and gorging himself as he stuffs his mouth full. After a few minutes when Will's hunger is slacked does his human mind return. Will realize what he is doing. He sees the change in his limbs. He chokes as he vomits up some of his stomach contents.

Will staggers out of the woods. He feels dizzy and disoriented from the ordeal. He flips flops between wanting to finish consuming the corpse and the need to vomit. He feels tears and turns around attempting to collect himself. Then the overwhelming feeling..the need to return home...return to Hannibal is so compelling he lives right then. He runs through the woods heading home on instinct.

When he approaches the house he hides in shame and fear of what he looks like and what he has done. When Hannibal steps out calling Will's name the scent of home and safety pull the young wendigo toward his guardian.

Hannibal strokes Will's hair as he cradles him. Hannibal says he suspects Matthew was jealous over Will. Often young wolves lack control over their urges and often act on them.Hannibal assures Will everything will work themselves out. He encourages Will to rest and he will explain everything to the boy in detail later. Will nod and lets himself sleep in Hannibal's arms. Despite the events that led up to Will's becoming, Hannibal is more than pleased that it has happened so quickly.Best Valentine's Day ever.

Spring Forward and Two Steps Back

Chapter Summary

Will coping with the aftermath of Bloody Valentine's Day.

Chapter Notes

Thanks to emptyheart for being a miracle worker beta. Read tags to make sure there are no triggers for you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Winter slips into spring. A time for new beginnings. A time for blooming buds and green grass. A time for teenagers to progress into adults. A time for mating among the wendigo.

This time of the year is, or was, one of the hardest times of the year for Hannibal. Often he would have to find someone to stay with Will when he attended a conference. “Conference” a code name for his rut. As Will progressed in age and his ruts become more difficult, Hannibal would have to stay away for longer periods of time.

Will’s early change into his wendigo form had left things more complex than in the past. The body disposal and the police inquiry were easily and quickly dealt with. Matthew had a habit of running away or staying in of trouble. Dealing with the werewolf community was a bit more taxing.

Hannibal was anticipating a fallout from the death of Matthew, that may turn into a war. Instead, he was relieved when the small council and Matthew's parents were ready to listen to Will's side.

"I murdered him Hannibal! I killed my only friend!"

Will looked up with watery blue eyes.

Hannibal pulled the boy close, wrapping his arms around his beloved.

"Shhh. Matthew was raping you! He attacked you! You were defending yourself. He could have bitten you."

"Then what? I might become a monster," Will bitterly bit out but did not move away.

"I am not sure what would have happened but at least a very bad infection maybe even life threatening."

"I don't care. I ate him! I fucking ate him!"

"Will!" Hannibal tilted Will's chin, forcing eye contact. "You did nothing wrong."

"I hate what you've made me into!"

Because Will was riddled with guilt and grief over killing Mathew, the werewolf council and Matthew's parents were willing to seek no further retribution. All agreed that Matthew's assault was the catalyst to Will's reaction to protect himself triggering the change. Hannibal smoothed over any questions of why Will was unaware that his change was so close. Wendigos are, after all, taught about their differences from the human world from pup to adulthood.

Hannibal explains that Will was adopted and his parents neglectful in his wendigo education. Hannibal has tried to ease Will into the information gradually because of his sensitive nature. Will had been sedated after his testimony because he was so distraught. This strengthened Hannibal's argument that Will needed a gentle hand in his wendigo education among the werewolf minds.

May was quickly approaching. Will's progress is agonizingly slow. Hannibal understands there is a lot that needs to be processed and Hannibal needed to make plans. There was no one he could trust here to watch after his precious boy. He needed another wendigo to help provide sustenance to Will, as well as be strong enough to restrain Will when his wendigo nature overcame him. Will could only think of killing and eating which risked exposure. Young wendigo were notorious for bloodlust and binge eating with no regard for secrecy.

Hannibal was awoken by muffled screams coming from the basement. He ran downstairs, briefly stopping at windows to make sure his neighbors had not called the authorities.

Entering the basement, Hannibal saw a legless man pulling his bloody stump of torso across the floor. He looked up with pleading eyes. His voice rasped "Help!" Hannibal sighed, pursing his lips. Making his way down the rest of the steps he leapt off the final step crushing the man's skull. Hannibal looked inside the room to discover a gluttonous sight. There were body parts strewn everywhere. There are at least four torsos and heads. That was not counting the one dragging itself across the floor!

Will was hunched over a leg, picking the flesh from the bone. He was covered in blood and other human fluids. Hannibal crossed his arms and cleared his throat. Blue eyes turned towards Hannibal. Humans who are changed into a wendigo have eyes that shift between their human color and milky white.The reason is unknown. The boy bared his teeth and hissed at Hannibal like a feral cat.

"William. Stop that this moment!"

Will growled at Hannibal, leaning over the leg bone.

"Do Not take that tone with me, young man!"

Hannibal waded his way through the carnage. He thrust out his hand and snapped his fingers.

"Give it to me."

Will turned away from Hannibal, showing the older wendigo his back.

"Now William. Right now. You will make yourself sick eating all this meat!"

Will shook his head no.

"Honestly you are behaving like a child. Give me the leg now!"

Will slapped the leg into Hannibal's hand with a wet thwack sound. Hannibal grimaced as Will moved toward the door.

"Stay right there young man!"

Will growled, curling his fingers.

"Use your words, William."

Will turned around slowly.

"I have nothing polite to say, Hannibal."

"I understand you are hungry..."

"I am not just hungry! I am ravenous! All. The. Time. Everywhere I look... people... people..."

Hannibal placed the leg down and walked toward the boy, his hands in a placating gesture.

"I understand. I was once teenage wendigo as well. But you have to learn to control your urges or people will hunt you and kill you, dear Will."

Will stomped his foot, crossing his arms and huffing out a breath.

"I know you are frustrated, Will."

"I am more than frustrated! I am angry and I am hurt! How could you possibly understand? You were born I monster! I was made into one by you!"

Will turned and leapt up the stairs, slamming the door on his way out.

The problem with having another wendigo care for Will is that he is unmated. Will is a beautiful boy when he is in human form. He is stunning, in Hannibal's opinion, as a wendigo. His scent is intoxicating for the older man.

It brings out desire and possessiveness on the best of days for Hannibal. Will is his, and he will not risk the chance of someone stealing him away.

As for Will, his emotional and mental state is unstable at the moment. Though these last few weeks the teenage has shown some improvement. Instead of shunning Hannibal, he has

begun to appear regularly to dinner. They even had a few civil conversations between them.

Will is reluctant about leaving the house. This is not a problem for Hannibal who wishes to keep the young wendigo's urges monitored. It was easier in Hannibal's home country. His family estate is hundreds of acres with woods where a young one can run off some steam. As a teenager, Hannibal was able to hide and hunt humans in those difficult months of gluttonous appetite and youthful rage against the world.

But here, things are harder.Hannibal sighs picking up his wine and takes a sip. He and Will are in the study together enjoying a chilly evening. Hannibal is trying to read his tablet but failing to do so. His mind is preoccupied with Will. His boy is sitting in front of the fire, back propped against Hannibal's chair. He can reach down and easily card fingers through Will's soft curls.

Will is clingy as of late. A fact that endears itself to Hannibal. Will battles with wanting to be wrapped in Hannibal and with the desire to escape to another plane of existence. Hannibal knows part of it is from a child growing into adulthood. One moment they push the parents away and then the next pull them so close. The other reason is that Hannibal suspects Will may be entering pseudo heat. There is a period when teenage wendigo enter a period between an actual heat or rut. It's like an evolutionary flag letting everyone know that soon this wendigo will be fertile. A signal for alpha wendigos to begin courting and for omegas to become selective and accepting offers.

Hannibal never engaged in courting as they do in the old country. By that point in his life, he was living in France with his aunt and uncle when he wasn't at boarding school. There were no other wendigos to arouse Hannibal to court. His ruts, luckily, came between breaks at school. In his early adult life, he was preoccupied with medical school. Then Hannibal moved to America where there are few wendigos and even fewer nests or communities of them.

Now at this stage in his life, he wants to court William. Before the change, Will's love for Hannibal changed from a love between child and parent to something more romantic. If everything had moved according to plan, Hannibal would have wooed and won Will before his change. Then he suspects Will would have been more open to the idea of becoming a wendigo.

"What's going to happen to me?"

Will asked. The question broke the cold quiet of the dining room. Hannibal smothered his surprise at the sudden voice of his boy. Will had been withdrawn since Valentine's day.

"In what regards dearest? Physical or emotional?"

"Both. I don't know Hannibal. Tell me something. Can I go to college? Can I have human friends? Or Lovers?"

The last is said to rankle Hannibal and the older man sees it for what it is, but that doesn't mean he is unaffected by the sentiment.

"You can go to college, absolutely. Something I think you should do. You may have human friends and ...lovers. But you will always be drawn to your own kind, William. Your biology will want to mate and feel the connection between alpha and omega."

Will propped his head on his hand. He swirled his fork around the plate, moving Hannibal's perfect meal around. Hannibal refused to admonish the boy for ruining the flavors of the meal. He knew this petulant display was nothing more than that... a display.

"You weren't drawn to your own kind. You were drawn to me. So you made me one of you. Why?"

"Because you are special Will. I knew it when I met you and watched you grow up. Something inside you was wendigo. Now the outside matches your inside."

"You are fucking deluding yourself if you think that! I am not like you! I never was!"

Will struck the table with his hand once and then his hand morphed into claws when he struck the table again. The more worked up Will became his physical appearance started to morph into his wendigo form. Hannibal grabbed the overwrought teenager as his form hovered between both human and wendigo.

He pulled Will to his chest while keeping Will's arms locked to his side. Will kicked and fought. He twisted and yelled profanities and growled until the sudden fight and fury have left him sobbing in Hannibal's arms, his appearance now fully human again.

"I loved you for you, Hannibal. Why couldn't you love me for me?"

"I do love you for you Will!" answer indignation in his voice.

"No. You changed me to suit yourself." Will pulled free of the embrace.

"That's not true Will. I brought what was inside of you out. You were mortal. You would die from age or infirmary. I couldn't bear the thought of you not being with me."

Will walked to the dining room doorway. He looked over his shoulder.

"See? It had nothing to do with me and everything to do with you."

Will leaved walking slowly up the stairs.

But alas, the plans of mice and men. Hannibal cards his fingers through Will's hair scratching his scalp. He leans his head into the touch, sighing from the attention Hannibal is giving him.

"What do you think about going to Italy in a couple of weeks and then visiting Lithuania?"

Will hums in contentment.

"I've always wanted to visit Italy. I am not sure about Lithuania."

"That's where I am from. My family's estate is still there."

"Is it a castle?"

"It is actually."

Will leans forward, turning around looking up at Hannibal.

"Really? Moat and fortress walls?"

"No. No moat, but there is a fence."

"And a monster in the castle. But that is not true anymore is it? Because you are here."

Hannibal looks down at Will's arched eyebrow. His little boy is teasing him. He smiles.

"But soon there will be two monsters there."

He cocks his head, eyeing Will for his move. Will nods his head, turning around back against the chair again.

"That there will be."

Chapter End Notes

This is the beginning of Will's and Hannibal's trip to Europe for Will's, I guess, becoming? Anyway...there is more to come for this little section.

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